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Biographical Sketch of Sir ROBERT THOMAS WILSON, K. M. T. and Lieutenant-Colonel of the 19th Light Dragoons. With a Portrait.

AN author of celebrity has ſaid, that we ſeldom ſee the ſame man a good fighter and an able writer.—This obſervation, however, will never grow into an axiom. There are too many exceptions to it in ancient as well as in modern days, from Xenophon down to the perſon of our preſent ſubject. Among the Romans, beſides Cæſar, there were many able generals who diſtinguiſhed themſelves not merely for their accuracy, but for the elegance of their narrations. The fact is, that by far the greater number of thoſe perſons intended for the military profeſſion enter very young into the army, in order to obtain early rank, in which caſe it is obvious that they muſt be deficient in that academical groundwork which ſhould qualify them to write with confidence, and a proſpect of commendation. The great Turenne entered into the profeſſion of arms before he had learnt to write a *billet-doux*. Frequently he has been heard to ſay, that he would gladly cede a portion of his military fame for the advantages ariſing from a due cultivation of letters. It is, indeed, to be lamented that the capacity to write is not oftener joined with the readineſs to fight; we ſhould then be likely to have more exact annals of military affairs, more accurate narratives of a campaign or a ſiege, than when undertaken by penmen who have thought proper to keep at a reſpectable diſtance from the contending armies.

In the German and French army liſts we ſhall find many officers of rank, even as high up as commanders of large forces, who have ſignalized themſelves for their hiſtorical as well as warlike talent. The Ruſſian arms have not been without a pen to celebrate their atchievements; and but for a count de Lacy, the emperor at the head of his army againſt the Poles in Ingria, and his marchal Schremetof's exploits, as well as thoſe of prince Repnin, might have ſcarcely been known a few leagues from the ſcene of action. The campaign of 1792, ſo full of events, and ſo influential in the affairs of the French revolution, have been better underſtood by the hiſtory of general Money; and though there is much to be objected to in the want of diſcernment and juſt reaſoning in this author, his work cannot be ſaid to be without its uſe. Time, the great expoſer of truth and expounder of riddles, corrects the errors in the way of thinking of the ſelf-opiniated, and contradicts the hazardous aſſertions of the raſh or over confident. Military men, in general, aſſert with much boldneſs, and thereby lead their hearers into miſtaken notions of men and things. As they ſlay an enemy by the ſtroke of a ſabre, ſo, with equal impetuoſity, they often, by a daſh of the pen, wound the reputation of a contemporary or a friend.

Colonel (now general) Tarleton, by his 'Hiſtory of the Campaigns of 1780

and 1781 in the Southern Provinces of North America,' in this way greatly offuſcated the military characters of lord Cornwallis and lord Rawdon (as the latter then was); and in this ſame way marſhal de camp Money did a violent and undeſerved injury to the honeſt fame of marquis la Fayette. In this narrator's daſhing or rather *flaſhing* manner of writing, after ſurpriſing the friends of general Dillon (who ſo early and ſo ſhockingly fell in the conflict) by repreſenting him as a paltroon or a traitor, he ſpeaks of the young and noble French general who ſo much attracted the eſteem of his fellow-ſoldier, Waſhington, as follows: 'I muſt not here omit a circumſtance which deſerves attention. La Fayette had drawn back his army from Longwy to Sedan, on the approach of the duke of Brunſwick's forces. Whoever obſerves this manœuvre with the eye of a ſoldier, will be inclined to ſuſpect either that la Fayette meant to betray the cauſe in which he was engaged, or that his profeſſional knowledge may be called in queſtion.' The phraſe, *Whoever beholds this with the eye of a ſoldier*, impoſes a kind of *noli proſequi* upon the mind of every reader, eſpecially of every one but a military reader, and he is at once trepanned into a belief that the writer cannot be far from the truth, he is ſo far from heſitation. Unfortunately for theſe *intrepid writers*, their books now and then fall under the eye of logicians, of men who (contrary to the leſſons uſually imbibed by the ſoldier from his ſuperior) will think for themſelves; and ſuch perſons will naturally ſay, if la Fayette had entered into a good underſtanding with the enemy as a traitor to France, would that enemy have treated him with the long continued and cruel rigor he received at their hands?—Reaſon and common ſenſe forbid ſuch a belief, and circumſtances, which never utter falſehoods, are more to be relied on at all times than facts, though uttered in the moſt poſitive manner.—Theſe are the writers who contribute to leſſen the credit which ſhould be due to the hiſtorian, and this is the kind of writing which ſometimes brings hiſtory into diſgrace; and well might it be ſaid, by the perſon who criticiſed the work of the commander of the Britiſh legion ſerving in America, that 'the lieutenant-colonel's concluſions are not always logically deduced;' and it might well be added, *not warranted by military ſcience*. Having ſubſtantiated our objections to the reaſoning of the French military hiſtorian, it is poſſible as much may be expected from us with regard to our own general and hiſtorian, and the inſtance we ſhall produce is that wherein he comments on his own diſaſtrous defeat at the battle of Cowpens.

'On the 14th, earl Cornwallis informed Tarleton that Leſlie had ſurmounted his difficulties, and that he imagined the enemy would not paſs the Broad-river, though it had fallen very much. Tarleton then anſwered that he would try and croſs the Pacolet, to force them, and deſired earl Cornwallis to acquire as high a ſtation as poſſible, in order to ſtop their retreat. No letter, order, or intelligence, from head-quarters reached Tarleton after this reply, previous to the defeat on the 17th; and after that event he found earl Cornwallis on Turkey Creek, near twenty-five miles below the place where the action had happened. The diſtance between Wynneſborough and King's-mountain, or Wynneſborough and Little Broad-river, which would have anſwered the ſame purpoſe, does not exceed ſixty-five miles. Earl Cornwallis commenced his march on the 7th or 8th of January. It would be mortifying to deſcribe the advantages that might have reſulted from his lordſhip's arrival at the concerted point, or to expatiate upon the calamities which were produced by this event.'

Now it is eaſy to ſee that this paſſage in his hiſtory is intended to ſtifle any prejudice which might ariſe againſt him from that diſaſtrous affair, and, in a great degree, to impugn the conduct of lord Cornwallis. The celerity of the movements of our commander of the flying legion muſt often raiſe a great duſt: it might for a moment envelope his ſuperiors and rival commanders in a cloud, but it could not blind the clear-

fighted at home, who were able to discover an absolute contradiction in the writer's own account.—He says, 'no letter, order, or intelligence, from head-quarters reached Tarleton after this reply, previous to the defeat on the 17th; and after that he found earl Cornwallis on Turkey Creek, &c. &c. Then how can he speak of a *concerted point* for his lordship to arrive at? Did our active colonel consider his desire, that lord Cornwallis might acquire as high a station as possible on the river, *an absolute command?* Did his zeal in the cause, his thirst for renown betray him into a notion that a superior officer would move with his larger army at the will of an inferior commander, to fill the measure of such a tyro's fame, at the hazard of endangering his own? These are the oversights, the blemishes, which let down the value and dim the lustre of military history.

Money laid himself under an unfavourable prepossession with his reader by an *ex gratia* flourish, which took away from the respect we bear the soldier who fights from principle. In his preface, he assigns no other reason for serving in the armies of France, than that, he *loved the profession*, and went there merely to improve himself in it. Giving no reason at all would have been better. War can only be contemplated without horror on the ground of its necessity, or on the plea of self-defence. Upon the principles of humanity and the christian religion, it is a detestable trade; and we profess ourselves ignorort of the anatomical construction of that man's mind who can love such a calling, and follow it upon that score. Our historian, Tarleton, has had no such prejudice to operate against the work of his hand. When he fought against liberty, he might well enough think he was fighting against rebellion also; and, therefore, he lost nothing in the opinion of his countrymen and readers on the ground of consistency and principle. The part he has taken to perpetuate the practice and horrors of slavery are sins which he has fallen into as a member of parliament, as the representative of a town which has flourished and grown wealthy by the obnoxious traffic which philosophers as well as philanthropists condemn. But it is time to introduce to our reader the writer of a military history, throughout whose whole work, the pronoun of the first person singular is never once seen: nothing of egotism. It is left to his fellow-soldiers to bear testimony of the useful part he acted in the great, the prosperous campaign in Egypt; and while we see him decking the brows of his commanders with the graceful, the well-earned laurel, we never observe his own hand eager to possess a single leaf.

Sir Robert Wilson was born in London in the year 1778. He is a son of the celebrated Benjamin Wilson, who was a member of every learned academy in Europe, and who held the controversy with dr. Franklin respecting the superiority of pointed over blunted conductors. He was educated at the public schools of Winchester and Westminster. At the age of fifteen, being solicitous to join the army abroad, he went to the duke of York on the continent, who, out of respect to his brother-in-law, col. Bosville, of the guards, who was killed at Lincelles, placed him immediately in the 15th light dragoons. In that corps he served during the whole of the war on the continent, and was one of those officers to whom the emperor gave a gold medal, and subsequently the cross of the order of Maria Theresa, with the dignity of baron of the German empire, for their conduct at the affair of *Villars en Couchie*, where, with about three hundred men, they defeated the left wing of the French army, with great slaughter, and saved the emperor from being taken prisoner. Colonel Wilson had, also, the command of the advanced guard of that patrole which passed through the columns of a French army then in march, and penetrated to the head-quarters of general Pichegru, from whose house the aid-de-camp and English interpreter to general Vandamme, and two *gens d'armes*, were taken, and whom they brought safely to the duke of York, notwithstanding they were pursued by three regiments of hussars for above miles. In the year

1797 he returned to England with the Britiſh cavalry, and in the year following married Jemima, the daughter of colonel Belford, a niece of the late ſir Adam Williamſon.

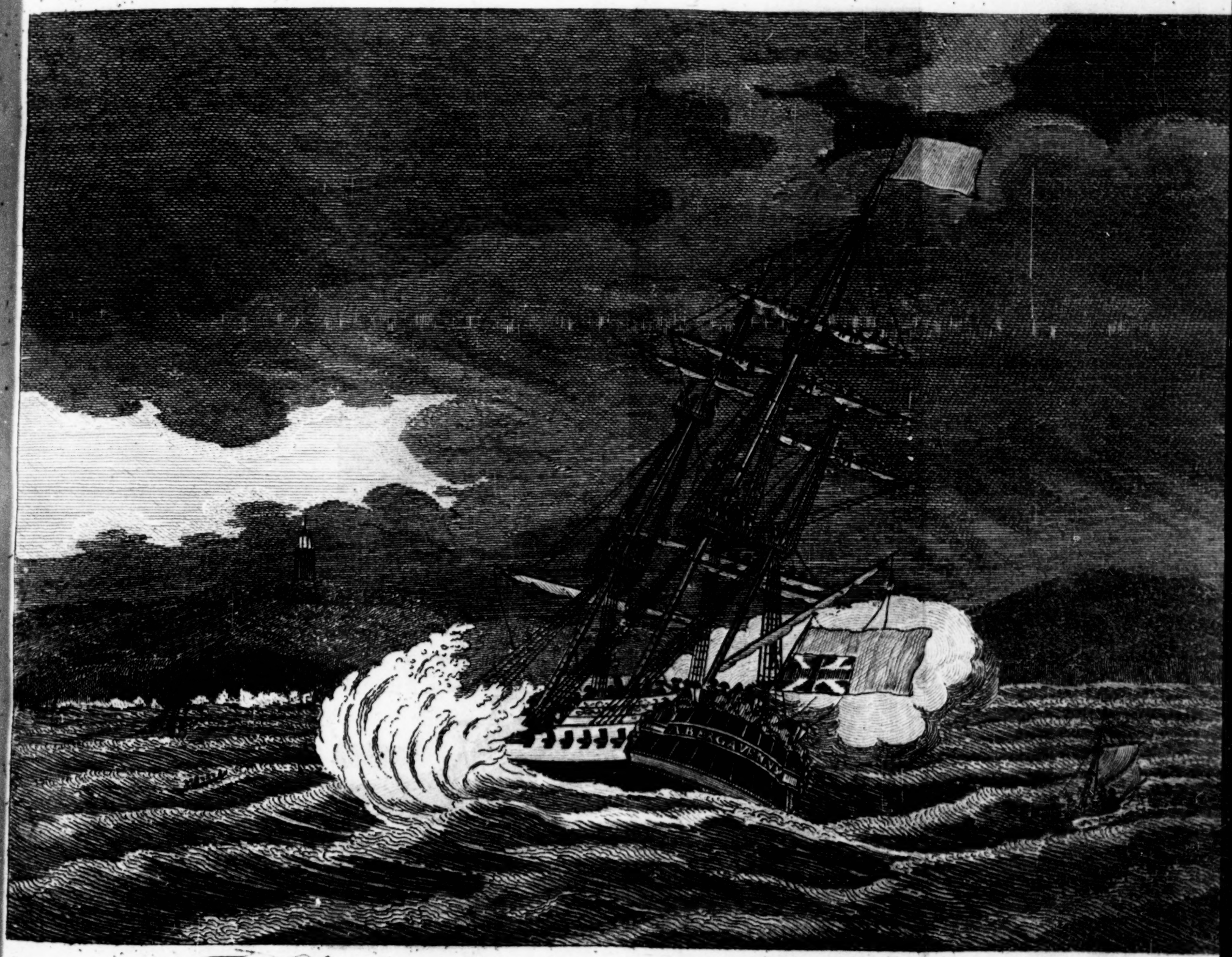
In 1799, during the diſturbances in Ireland, he went as aid-de-camp to general St. John. On the expedition going to Holland, he accompanied a detachment of his regiment to that country, and which, on the 2d of October, by charging a body of five hundred French cavalry, recovered the Britiſh guns then in their poſſeſſion. When ſir Ralph Abercrombie was preparing, in the Mediterranean, the expedition which afterwards went againſt Egypt, our hero was appointed to the majority of Hompeſch's regiment, in order to take the command of the detachment ordered for that ſervice; but as he went by land, and was detained at the Auſtrian army ſome time, he did not join ſir Ralph Abercrombie until after the arrival of the Britiſh fleet at the bay of Marmorice. He brought with him an urgent requeſt from general Bellegarde, for the Engliſh army to be employed in Italy, but the general could not deviate from his inſtructions. In Egypt he was the officer who arranged the capitulation with the commander of the convoy in the deſert. Living intimately with and being confidentially employed by lord Hutchinſon and the captain pacha, he was enabled to obtain all that information which afterwards appeared in his Hiſtory of the Expedition to Egypt.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Loſs of the Abergavenny Eaſt Indiaman. (With an Engraving, deſcriptive of that Melancholy Event.)

THE following authentic particulars have been juſt publiſhed, by a gentleman, one of the few ſaved from the above ſhip:

On Friday laſt, the earl of Abergavenny, capt. Wordſworth, ſailed from Portſmouth with the other outward-bound Eaſt Indiamen, under convoy of the Weymouth frigate. The weather being unfavourable and the wind ſtrong againſt them, induced them to run into Portland Roads—the Weymouth frigate ſeparated the very firſt night.—The Wexford, captain Clark, being the oldeſt captain, and of courſe commodore, made the ſignal for the ſhips that had pilots on board to run for port.—At three p. m. on Tueſday, Feb. 5, having got a pilot on board, the earl of Abergavenny bore up for Portland Road; but the ebb tide ſetting in faſt, and ſlack wind, ſhe drove on the ſhambles off the Bill of Portland. Signal guns of diſtreſs were immediately fired. At 4 p. m. ſhe made water, and gained faſt upon the pumps.—The crew endeavoured to bail her at the fore hatchway; but all their endeavours to ſtop the leak, or keep the water under, were found to be in vain. From that time to dark, and till eight o'clock, the ſituation of all on board was dreadful; it was ſeen to be impoſſible to ſave the ſhip, which was ſinking faſt and ſettling in the water. At eight p. m. more guns of diſtreſs were fired for boats to come off to ſave the crew, paſſengers, and king's and company's troops on board. The purſer was diſpatched at eight, in one of the ſhip's boats, with the papers and diſpatches in order to ſave them.—The third mate, a couſin of the captain, and of the ſame name, accompanied the purſer with about ſix ſeamen.—One boat came off from the ſhore, which took on board mr. and miſs Evans, miſs Jackſon, mr. Rudlige, and mr. Taylor, a cadet, all paſſengers.—About 10 p. m. the water had got above the orlop-deck, in ſpite of the moſt unremitting endeavours of the crew, who are deſcribed as having behaved in the moſt cool, exemplary, and orderly manner. In the mean time all on board were anxiouſly looking out for the boats from the ſhore—unfortunately in the general diſtreſs and agony of the moment the ſhip's boats were forgotten to be hoiſted out.—About eleven p. m. the ſhip gave a ſurge, and went down almoſt in a moment in twelve fathoms water, two miles from Weymouth beach. As the ſhip was ſinking, the crew and paſſengers got up as faſt as they could to the tops of the maſts, about 80 perſons in the whole.



The Loss of the Abergavenney East Indiaman

the owner of the ship.

Mr. Stewart, son to the purser.

ship having struck on the shambles of the Bill of Portland, about two miles from

the weymouth frigate. The weather being unfavourable and the wind ſtrong as faſt as they could ſ[illegible] the tops of the maſts, about 80 perſons in the whole.

There were on board altogether nearly 400—ſhip's crew was 160; between 50 and 60 paſſengers, and the reſt king's and company's troops.—Some Chinamen were alſo on board to the number of 30—all but thoſe who had got up the ſhrouds and into the long boat, which floated, and who were at the top of the wreck, were loſt to the number of 300.—About half paſt 11 p. m. boats were ſeen coming off the ſhore, and came nigh enough to be hailed; but did not ſave thoſe who were ſtill clinging to the ſhrouds and wreck.—About twelve a ſloop came to an anchor cloſe to the ſhip, ſent a boat and took off all the perſons we have mentioned as being above water, and carried them to Weymouth. Not a ſingle article of property or cargo, which was very valuable was ſaved. She had 70,000l. in dollars on board.

The names of the perſons ſaid to have been ſaved are—

Cornet Burgoyne, 8th light dragoons.
Mr. Maxwell, ſurgeon, paſſenger.
Mr. Rudlige, paſſenger.
Mr. and miſs Evans.
Miſs Jackſon.
Mr. Stewart, 2d mate.
Mr. Wordſworth, 3d mate.
Mr. Gilpin, 4th mate.
Mr. Clarke, 5th mate.
Mr. Mortimer, 6th mate.
Mr. Davie, ſurgeon.
Mr. Stewart, purſer.
Carpenter, gunner, and ſteward.

Two others, whoſe names we have not yet learnt.

Five midſhipmen, amongſt whom was mr. Pitcher, the builder's ſon.

About 68 ſeamen, and about 33 company's and king's troops—in all about 120 ſaved.

The names of the perſons believed to be loſt are—

Captain Wordſworth, commander.
Mr. Bagot, firſt mate.
The boatſwain.
Mr. Savage, midſhipman.
Enſign Whitlo, 22d foot.
Mr. Grant, writer.

Two mr. Dents, cadets, nephews to the owner of the ſhip.

Mr. Stewart, ſon to the purſer.
Mr. Lane, mr. Leadbeater, mr. Price, mr. Hamilton, mr. Forbes, mr. Bellew, mr. Barwell, mr. Graham, mr. Robinſon, mr. Marſack, mr. Twaites, mr. Gramſhaw, and mr. Taylor, cadets.—The whole number loſt was about 300.

As the ſhip was going down, the firſt mate told the captain ſhe would ſink in a moment—the captain replied, "it cannot be prevented—God's will be done." He was ſeen for ſome time clinging to the ropes—mr. Gilpin, one of the mates, went down from the top to endeavour to ſave him, but in vain. The exertions of cornet Burgoyne, and the mates, were moſt exemplarily gallant; they did all that human nature could do.

The ſhip was of the largeſt tonnage, about 1200 tons, and was deſtined to Bengal and China.

She was to have been laden at Bengal with cotton for the China market—ſhe was crowded with paſſengers; 40 ſat down daily at the captain's table, and above 14 at the 3d mate's. The firſt and 3d mates were on ſhore when ſhe left Portſmouth, and paid 40 guineas for a boat, which enabled them to join this ill-fated ſhip.

Captain Wordſworth was a man of remarkably mild manners; and of ſo cool a temperature was his diſpoſition, that he uſed to be known among his ſhipmates by the title of 'the philoſopher.'

Further Particulars, from the Courier.

THE Indiaman reached the entrance of Portland Roads on Tueſday about noon, but not being at that time ſupplied with a pilot, the Abergavenny waited a few hours till ſhe had got one.

About three p. m. having obtained one, ſhe bore up for Portland Roads. The weather had become tolerably moderate, and notwithſtanding a ſtrong ebb tide was ſetting in, no diſaſter was at this time apprehended. In a few minutes, however, the ſhip's company learned their dangerous ſituation, the ſhip having ſtruck on the ſhambles of the Bill of Portland, about two miles from

from the ſhore. Captain Wordſworth, and his officers were notwithſtanding, of opinion, that the ſhip might be got off without ſuſtaining any material damage, and accordingly no ſignal guns of diſtreſs were ordered to be fired for upwards of an hour and a half afterwards, when twenty were diſcharged. All this time the people were free from alarm, and no idea prevailed that it would be neceſſary to hoiſt out the boats to be ready to take the crew on ſhore in caſe of any neceſſity. About 5 p. m. things bore a ſtill more unfavourable aſpect; the carpenter announced that a conſiderable leak was diſcovered near the bottom of the chain pumps, which it was not in his power to ſtop, the water guſhed in ſo faſt.—The pumps being all in readineſs were ſet a-going, and a part of the crew endeavoured to bail her at the forehatch, but all the attempts to keep the water under were in vain.

At ſix p. m. the inevitable loſs of the ſhip became more and more apparent; other leaks were diſcovered, the wind had increaſed to a gale, and the ſevere beating of the veſſel on the rocks threatened immediate deſtruction.—The captain and officers were far from ſhrinking from the perils around them. They gave their orders with the greateſt firmneſs and coolneſs, and by their proper conduct were enabled to preſerve ſubordination. As the night advanced, the ſituation of the people on board became the more terrible; the miſſes Evans and ſeveral other paſſengers, entreated to be ſent on ſhore; but this was impoſſible. It was as much as all the ſhip's company could do to keep the veſſel afloat. In order to tempt the men to exert their utmoſt powers at the pumps, the officers ſtood by cheering them, and encouraging them, by giving them allowances of liquor.—At 7 p. m. the ſhip's company being almoſt exhauſted, it was thought adviſable to fire freſh ſignal guns, in hopes of obtaining boats from the ſhore to ſave as many of the people on board as poſſible.

One boat came off from the ſhore, which took on board the miſſes Evans, miſs Jackſon, mr. Rutledge, and mr. Taylor, a cadet, all paſſengers. Mr. Blair, companion to miſs Evans, chooſe in ſpite of all intreaties, to remain on board; indeed there were many who would have made that choice, ſo little hope was there of the boat contending ſucceſsfully againſt the high ſea in ſo dark a night.

It was now about nine o'clock, and ſeveral boats were heard at a ſhort diſtance from the ſhip, but they rendered no aſſiſtance to the diſtreſſed on board.

The dreadful criſis was now approaching—every one on board ſeemed aſſured of his fate. At ten o'clock the ſhip was nearly full of water, and as ſhe began gradually to ſink, confuſion commenced on board. A number of ſailors begged ardently for more liquor, and when it was refuſed, they attacked the ſpirit-room, but they were repulſed by their officers, who never once loſt ſight of their character, and continued to conduct themſelves with the greateſt fortitude. One of them was ſtationed at the ſpirit-room door, with a brace of piſtols, to guard againſt ſurpriſe, and there remained even while the ſhip was ſinking. A ſailor was extremely ſolicitous to obtain ſome liquor from him, ſaying, 'It will be all as one an hour hence.' 'Be that as it may,' replied the officer, 'let us die like men.' It is a circumſtance hardly to be accounted for, that in the midſt of all this diſtreſs the boats were never attempted to be hoiſted out.

When the paſſengers and crew were acquainted with their ſituation, they made ſeveral efforts to ſave their lives; ſome laid hold of the pieces of the wreck and committed themſelves to the mercy of the waves. A mr. Forbes ſtripped off his clothes and being an excellent ſwimmer, plunged into the ſea, and was one of thoſe who was picked up by a boat from the ſhore. A great number run up the ſhrouds. At about eleven o'clock a heavy ſea gave the veſſel a ſudden ſhock, and in an inſtant ſhe ſunk to the bottom, in twelve fathoms water. Many of thoſe unfortunate perſons who had run up the ſhrouds

ſafe

ſafety, were unable to ſuſtain the motion of the veſſel going down, and ſuffered with their unfortunate companions below. Between eighty and ninety perſons, however, were ſtill able to maintain their ſituation, and were ultimately ſaved. For ſome time after the veſſel had gone down, ſhe kept gradually ſinking deeper in the ſand, inſomuch, that ſeveral perſons were under the neceſſity of climbing higher up the maſts. The higheſt maſt was eſtimated to be above the water about twenty-five feet, and the perſons aloft could plainly diſcover the end of the bow-ſprit.

When ſhe ſunk, ſhe did not go down in the uſual way that veſſels do, by falling firſt on her beam ends; this deviation was ſuppoſed to have ariſen from her being laden with treaſure and porcelain ware.

Several boats were heard paddling about the wreck, at half paſt eleven o'clock, and although they were hailed by the unfortunate perſons on the ſhrouds and maſts, could not be prevailed upon to take them on ſhore. The reaſon which was afterwards aſſigned for this apparently inhuman conduct, was, that they were fearful that every perſon on board, being eager to ſave himſelf, the whole would attempt to jump in, overload the boats, and ſink them.

About twelve o'clock, a ſloop that had been attracted to the ſpot by the ſignal guns, came to anchor cloſe to the ſhip, ſent a boat, and took off all perſons we have mentioned as being above water, about twenty at a time, and conveyed them to Weymouth. So far were the people from crowding improperly into the boat, that they got off the ſhrouds one by one, and then only as they were called by the officers who were with them. When it was ſuppoſed that every perſon was brought off, and the boat was about to depart for the laſt time, a perſon was obſerved nearly at the top of a maſt in the ſhrouds; he was called to, but did not anſwer; one of the officers, much to his credit, returned, and there found a man in an inanimate ſtate, ariſing from the piercing cold weather.—The officer brought him down on his back, and took him aſhore; the perſon proved to be a ſurgeon; every poſſible care was taken of him, but his recovery was extremely doubtful. The whole value of the cargo is eſtimated at two hundred thouſand pounds. Nothing was ſaved, except the diſpatches, and ſome valuable prints, which had been ſent out for gen. Lake.

The ſloop that came from the ſhore, after having taken moſt of the people from the tops, was ſcudding with all the ſail ſhe could carry for the ſhore, when mr. Baggot the chief officer of the earl of Abergavenny, was diſcovered cloſe aſtern of the ſhip. The ſloop immediately lay to for him; but this ſpirited young man, although he had a rope in his hand, quitted his hold, and, diſregarding his own ſafety, plunged after mrs. Blair, an unfortunate fellow-paſſenger, whom he perceived floating at ſome diſtance. He ſucceeded in coming up with her, and ſuſtained her above water, while he ſwam towards the ſloop; but juſt as he was on the point of reaching it, a terrible ſwell came on, and his ſtrength being totally exhauſted, he ſunk and never roſe.—The unfortunate mrs. Blair ſunk after him, and this generous youth thus periſhed in vain. Captain Wordſworth had been two voyages as commander, and expected that his third voyage would make his fortune. He has left a wife and a large family. It was ſuppoſed that the ſhip's bottom had been beaten in exactly under the pumps, and that therefore, they could not work with effect. During the two hours the paſſengers remained on the tops, the ſhip had gradually ſunk ſeven feet, from whence it was ſuppoſed, that ſhe had ſtruck upon a mud bank. The boats that ſaved the people on the tops carried them to Weymouth, where they received the moſt liberal and humane attention from mr. Weſton, a reſpectable merchant of that town.

The following we believe, will be found to be a correct liſt of the ſaved and the drowned:

Paſſengers ſaved—Thomas Evans, eſq.

esq. senior, merchant; misses Evans, miss Jackson, mr. Rutledge, cornet Burgoyne, 7th dragoons; dr. Maxwell, messrs. Evans's black servant; messrs. Baily, Grimshaw, C. Taylor, Thwaites, and Johnson, cadets; 33 soldiers.

Crew saved—messrs. W. E. G. Stewart, second mate; Joseph Wordsworth, third ditto; Thomas Gilwin, fourth ditto; John Davie, surgeon; C. H. Stewart, purser; Thos. Abbot, gunner; John Adwater, carpenter; W. White, midshipman, and coxswain; Edward Pitcher, Geo. Rason, Benj. Yeates, and John Barnett, midshipmen; William Akers, ship's steward; William Ivers, boatswain's second mate; Chas. Dunn, gunner's first mate; Jos. Williams, do. second mate; Ambrose Barnet, quarter master; Charles Boyd, ditto; J. Palmer, ditto; Geo. Thompson, quarter master; John Thompson, ditto; John Thompson, Chinese servant; Mic. Bougie, seaman; 68 seamen.

Passengers drowned—Ensign Whitlow, 22d foot; mrs. M. Blair; M. A. Grant, writer; Mr. Henry Durant, assistant surgeon; messrs. T. D. Leadbeater, Pynsent Lane, W. Craig, E. Bellew, H. R. Barwell, R. Marsack, H. J. Glover, C. J. Stewart, A. Wight, W. Graham, J. Grace, J. Forbes, C. Robinson, W. Baillie, Rice Price, C. Taylor, J. Johnson, J. B. Manson, A. Innes, J. Dent, R. Dent, and J. Rutherford.

Crew drowned—Capt. Wordsworth, commander; mr. Baggot, first mate; mr. Savage, midshipman; the boatswain.

Drowned in all 300, including crew, soldiers, Chinamen, and some Portuguese.

Private Theatricals.

To the Editor of the Hibernian Magazine.

SIR,

HAVING perused in a former publication of yours, some remarks on private theatricals, among which were very severe strictures on a critique, respecting the performance at the private theatre, Drury-lane, I was then totally unacquainted with it, or any one resorting thereto. I was induced, from the assertion brought forward, to hold it and them in the utmost contempt; but being requested by a friend, to whom some tickets had been presented, curiosity led me to accompany him thither; at the same time, premising to myself no great entertainment or satisfaction. But judge my surprize (after what I had read) to find myself *comfortably* seated along with an audience of the *utmost respectability!*—and after some instrumental music, to be gratified by the performance of LEWIS's excellent drama of The CASTLE SPECTRE, in a manner very little inferior to the exertions of some of our best public stages. The dresses, scenery, &c. were highly respectable, and reflect no small degree of credit on the person, under whose management or instructions they were brought forward. The part of *Osmond* was most ably supported; and that of *Angela* far above my idea of private theatricals. *Percy* was gay and gallant.—*Reginald* affecting and pathetic;—the performance of the *Spectre* was not among the least respectable character in the piece. It would be injustice to my feelings, should I pass unnoticed the character of *Father Philip*, which was performed with a degree of judgment and humour to which too much praise cannot be attached. Having frequently seen this intricate piece at the theatre-royal, I assure you, that the *eclat* with which it was received here, was nothing but justice to the performance:—it was followed by the comic farce of The IRISHMAN IN LONDON, which not a little enhanced the entertainment of the evening.—The patriotic zeal of *Murtoch Delany*, was most humorously and ably supported; and his idea respecting the LATE parliament-house, received that just applause which it highly deserved. I shall now conclude, by briefly stating, that my ideas on departure from the theatre, entirely disagreed with that of your friend WHIPCORD, and by assuring you, that these are the impartial and unbiassed sentiments of

your humble servant,

A LOOKER-ON.

Dublin, Jan. 18, 1805.

The Romance of the Pyrenees. By a Lady. (Continued from page 25.)

CHAP. X.

'*WRETCH!*' said Garcias, ſternly, to Tereſa, 'what brought you here?'

Victoria's juſt-acquired knowledge of the crimes of Garcias inſpired her with ſuch deteſtation and contempt, that, quite indignant at his preſent inſolence, her ſpirit roſe ſuperior to her fears, and with quickneſs ſhe replied, 'My ſummons.'

'Your ſummons! really!—And may I preſume to aſk for what purpoſe was this deteſtable creature ſummoned?'

'I did not before know,' returned Victoria, haughtily, 'that my fate was ſo very degrading as to compel my being accountable to you for my actions; but ſince, alas! it is ſo, I tell you, that my companions in miſery, overcome by long watching, have fallen aſleep. Left to myſelf, and wiſhing to ſhun my own wretched thoughts, I came hither in ſearch of a book to allure my mind from the agoniſing contemplation—I ſaw this harp—I wiſhed to play—yet fearing to remain alone, I was happy in Tereſa's attendance, which Diego informed me I might call for when I pleaſed.'

'Well, madam, but as I am now here to ſupply the place of this guardian angel, ſhe may ſpread her ethereal wings, and join her ſiſter ſeraphs. Go,' continued he, waving his hand for Tereſa to depart.

'Stay, I conjure you, Tereſa,' exclaimed Victoria, with a degree of vehemence not natural to her.

'I ſay begone, wretch, as you value the ſlender thread by which your miſerable exiſtence hangs,'——and he ſtampt his foot with violence.

The trembling Tereſa obeyed; whilſt our heroine felt more indignant than alarmed at his conduct.

'Come, come,' ſaid the wretch, ſtriving to ſoften the ferocity of his diabolical countenance into a ſmile, 'ſmooth that frowning brow, and liſten with complacency to what I am about to communicate, as it concerns your happineſs as materially as mine.'

The wretch's ſoftened countenance awakened terror in Victoria's mind; and ſhe would have flown from him to Octavia, had he not prevented her by extending his arms to confine her in the receſs of the window where ſhe had been ſitting.

'Be not alarmed,' ſaid he, 'and learn that it will be your own fault if I am not your friend. The anxious wiſh you muſt have to quit this caſtle, I ſuppoſe you will not affect to deny. Patiently hear me, and you will find that I am willing to aid your eſcape from hence.'

Victoria looked incredulouſly; and, trembling, re-aſſumed her ſeat. Garcias took Tereſa's chair, and thus began:—

'Females are too quick-ſighted to the admiration they inſpire to make it neceſſary for me to inform you that don Manuel is ſeriouſly captivated by your uncommon perfections; but, as your penetration cannot have reached to the diſcovery of his intentions, I ſhall inform you of them. The very moment he returns, it is his fixed determination to make you his: his will is arbitrary; nor will your concurrence be even aſked—he is reſolved upon the union, and your fate is inevitable. No more liberty than you now enjoy ever will be yours; and, in this dreadful caſtle you will live as long as the caprice or jealouſy of your tyrant will permit you. Terror and miſery will be henceforth the inmates of your breaſt: and this decree is inevitable, unleſs———'

'Unleſs what?' ſaid Victoria, almoſt breathleſs with horror.

'Unleſs you will liſten to the ſuit of another who adores you, who juſtly appreciates your worth, who prizes your happineſs above his own, and who has the power, as well as the inclination, to convey you this very night to any aſylum you may deſire. Yes, loveliеſt of creatures, I am that man. I adore you, paſſionately adore you; and, if you will ſolemnly promiſe to be mine, I will this night carry you to a neighbouring convent, where a friend of mine, a reverend monk, will

join our hands. On these terms, and these only, will I restore you to the world.'

'On these terms, then, *never* will I return to it,' said Victoria, bursting into tears of grief, horror, and indignation.

'Oh revoke that cruel sentence, angelic maid, and beware how you make me your enemy,' replied Garcias, catching her by the hand.

The moment Garcias touched Victoria's hand she uttered a loud shriek, and strove with all her strength to extricate herself from his grasp, but in vain; he held her hand fast in his, until a tall and horribly cadaverous spectre, clad in a strange kind of flowing drapery, without noise or any warning, stood before them, looking sternly upon Garcias, who in terror and amazement, precipitately fled in the piazza. The spectre, turning to look upon Victoria uttered a piercing cry of horror; and with frantic gestures, retreating a few paces from her, suddenly sunk from her sight. Our heroine, in wild dismay, waited to make no further observations, but swiftly moved towards the parlour, at the door of which she sunk into the arms of Octavia, who, awakened by her shriek, was going in alarm to her assistance.

When her agitation had in some degree subsided, Victoria related all that occurred in the library to occasion her alarm; and the conduct of Garcias awakened new apprehension and uneasiness; while the singular appearance of the spectre, with his extraordinary exit, filled them with superstitious fear and amazement; at the same time that Victoria felt an acknowledged gratitude to Heaven for that interference, whether by substance or shadow, which had rescued her from the further insolence of the wretch Garcias.—Hero soon after awoke; when these three unfortunate women wanted not themes for conversation to engage them, until Diego and Juan appeared to prepare for dinner; when the former to the inexpressible joy of our heroine and Octavia, informed them they were to dine that day alone, as Signior Sebastian was obliged to remain for the rest of the day with Francisco; and Garcias had been suddenly called by unexpected business from the castle. Dinner was shortly after served; and, as there was no one present to intimidate them, they made a much better meal than they had yet done since their captivity.

During the remainder of that day, Diego was remarkably kind, attentive, and respectful to them. He attended them in their walk to protect them from alarms; selected from the library some beautiful romances, which he thought might beguile them of their sorrows for an hour or two; and when with Teresa he conducted them to their chamber, he left them there with the most solemn assurances of perfect safety through that night: and as by the kindness of Diego their spirits laboured not under apprehensions of immediate danger, they all enjoyed a comfortable share of sleep; and in the morning poor Teresa was rejoiced to see her dear young donna less wan and languid than she had hitherto beheld her.

In the parlour they found Sebastian, who, as usual, received them all with politeness, but Victoria with the cordiality of real affection: and they were scarcely seated at the breakfast-table, when Alonzo made his unwished-for appearance; who, after paying his compliments to every one with much civility, addressed a very high-flown strain of eloquence to Victoria, in the form of a message from don Manuel, expressive of his regret at being prevented, by unavoidable and urgent business, from paying her every homage and attention in his castle.

Soon after breakfast they all adjourned to the library, where in a short time Sebastian took leave; and our heroine found, in the moment of his departure, the friendly prop on which she rested snatched away: for, not knowing how Alonzo would conduct himself, the absence of Sebastian awakened a thousand painful apprehensions, and she became comfortless and sad.

Although Alonzo was in his heart almost as great a villain as Garcias, his manners were not so like a ruffian's

Y

You had every miſchief to apprehend from Alonzo's treachery, while his cowardice ſhielded you from unveiled brutality. Victoria's intereſting and uncommon ſhare of beauty, her unaffected elegance and ſweetneſs of manners, had made a deep impreſſion upon Alonzo's fancy; but fear taught him to conceal it: and the more effectually ſo to do, and to aid his ſecret purpoſes, he affected to be charmed by the very ſmall ſhare of allurements poor Hero had to boaſt of, to whom he now paid the moſt pointed attention, and who received his aſſiduities full as favourably as his vanity could lead him to expect. Hero, therefore, wiſhed for no other entertainment than the pleaſing, becauſe flattering, converſation of Alonzo, who abounded in what is termed ſmall-talk, and was poſſeſſed of a thouſand little ſeductive arts, which he now haſtened to play off againſt the too-ſuſceptible heart of the unwary Hero; while Victoria and her really-ſenſible companion amuſed themſelves firſt by reading, and then by muſic. They were both firſt-rate performers upon the harp: and after each had performed ſome pieces of wonderful ſcientific excellence, our heroine, at the earneſt requeſt of Octavia, ſung, to her own accompaniment, ſome plaintive Italian airs and Venetian hymns. Her voice was melody, highly cultivated by ſcience, and, although it charmed in every ſtrain, ſeemed particularly adapted to ſacred muſic: ſince, while feeling energetically guided her fingers, her ſoul inſpired and breathed in every note ſhe ſung.

Alonzo was aſtoniſhed and charmed to ſilence; nor could all the ſimpering or ſhallow ſtratagems of Hero call back his attention, until Victoria's enchanting ſtrains were no longer to be heard; and they ceaſed not, at the earneſt ſolicitation of Octavia, until a few moments before they were ſummoned to dinner.

Victoria was grieved at not ſeeing Sebaſtian in the dining-room. Alonzo, who affected the manners of don Manuel, took the upper end of the table, and performed the honours with a degree of civility that almoſt approached politeneſs. They had not been long at table, when a negro entered with ſome flaſks of wine; he was habited like Diego and Juan; his perſon was of a commanding height, of graceful and ſtriking ſymmetry; while his face, in deſpite of the dark cloud that ſhaded it, beamed with benignity and intelligence. After delivering the wine to Diego, he would have retired had not Alonzo deſired him to ſtay, that by learning to attend at the table he might ſupply the place of Juan, who was wanted in another department. The negro, bowing gracefully, took his ſtation by Diego's ſide.

Victoria, anxious to obſerve every new perſon ſhe ſaw in the caſtle, to learn from their countenance, if poſſible, whether ſhe had any thing to hope or fear from them, took an opportunity of ſtealing a look at the negro, and caught him in earneſt gaze at her. The tranſient glance of his eyes which modeſty allowed her to take ſeemed beaming with pity and good will.—Grateful for the kindneſs his looks implied, ſhe felt intereſted for the fate of this young man, whom ſhe was grieved to ſee in ſuch a place and in ſuch ſociety; and whenever ſhe encountered his eyes, which without intending it, was pretty frequently, they ſeemed to ſpeak anxiety for her fate: and, although ſhe could by no means tell how far this young man might have it in his power to befriend her, yet ſhe had heard and read of ſuch inſtances of fidelity, courage, perſeverance, and ingenuity, among negroes, that ſhe could not diveſt herſelf of the flattering hope of his exerting himſelf in her behalf; and when he departed with the other domeſtics after dinner, ſhe felt ſo anxious to learn ſome account of him, that ſhe had the imprudence to aſk Alonzo who he was?

'That I know not,' replied Alonzo, 'but believe, although a negro, his parents were of ſome conſequence in South America. He fell into don Manuel's hands ſome years ago, and has hitherto had an employment out of the caſtle; but now, upon the deceaſe of an old

old negro domeſtic, don Manuel has ſelected this one to ſupply his place.—And now, having anſwered your queſtion, donna Victoria, may I not hope you will have the goodneſs to do ſo by mine. Why did you wiſh to know who this negro is?'

Victoria now felt the force of her imprudence, and was totally unable to reply. Signora Bernini ſeeing her diſtreſs, and alarmed for its conſequences, relieved her embarraſſment by affecting on the inſtant to be ſeized with a ſudden faintneſs; and the commotion it occaſioned naturally called off Alonzo's attention from the expected reply, which he did not again aſk for.

(To be continued.)

Pariſian Faſhions.

VELVET has not been for a long time ſo much in vogue for the dreſs of the head. In full dreſs, a *toque* of velvet, or deep blue, cherry-colour, or turkiſh red, is worn, with an aigrette of diamonds or an *eſprit*. There are at leaſt twenty ſorts of velvet hats, all different. Thoſe of an entirely round form, afterwards flattened and turned up before, are the moſt common.—Sometimes the velvet is interſected or ſtriped with yellow or white ſatin.—Some hats are made of ſatin, with ſpots or ſmall ſtripes, of velvet: there are others of plain ſatin of the *vigogne*, cherry, or deep blue colour: the feathers are ſtill ſo placed that the points fall over the forehead. The cloth hats are lined with white ſatin: they are uſually made *à l'Eſpagnole*, that is with a large and flat crown with a ſmall rim, or in the manner of a hunting hat.—The faſhion of ſmall caps, with puckered trimmings under a hat, ſtill continues. Theſe trimmings are likewiſe worn with *fichus* of turkiſh muſlin, of which ſome make a turban.

The new ribands are *epinglés*, or made reſembling velvet; others with a plain ground have a *paſſepoil*, or chain-lace of velvet.

In full dreſs, ſome ladies of faſhion wear a mameluke of fine taffety, with a large round collar without trimming. Light grey and pearl grey ſilk robes are much in faſhion.

The number of *douilettes* does not increaſe. According to the neweſt faſhion, the cloth capotes or great coats ſhould have mother-of-pearl buttons; there ought to be ten on each ſide. Theſe great-coats are uſually made of white kerſeymire, of very deep chamois or grey peach coloured kerſeymire, and have two velvet collars. The amazon dreſſes, which were all blue or brown, are now made of cloth or kerſeymire, of the colour of theſe great coats, with mother-of-pearl buttons.

The moſt faſhionable dreſſes are:—1. Hat of blue taffety, ornamented with flowers, and faſtened on the top of the head by a riband. Short robe of white muſlin, with a *tarſade* at bottom. White embroidered ſhawl: pearl necklace: yellow gloves: yellow ſhoes.

2. Head dreſs in hair with a band. White robe, with a gold embroidery at bottom: ſhort ſleeves, ſpotted with gold. lapis lazuli necklace: gold ear-rings.

London Faſhions.

STRAW, Egyptian brown, and purple velvet, bonnets are ſtill worn in the morning; together with the Spaniſh beaver hat, the colour Egyptian brown. In the evening, the plain Grecian head dreſs or Egyptienne. Purple and green bunches of grapes are worn for aſſemblies, in the form of wreaths and ſcarlet flowers. Turbans are much worn of an evening. At the laſt opera ſome diamonds were ſported; in fact, dress ſeems exploded, until the faſhionable ſeaſon commences, which will be immediately after the birth-day. Purple and green grapes are ſtill worn in wreaths at balls and aſſemblies. Scarlet flowers are likewiſe worn.

An entire new article has been introduced by our faſhionable ladies, ſhawls from the fur of the ſeal of the South-ſeas: they are ornamented with gold cord, India or Grecian borders and taſſels, and have a very elegant and novel effect, as well as defending the fair wearer from the cold, being warmer, ſofter, and equally light as an Indian ſhawl.—Peliſſes, and dreſſes made of the Georgian cloth, in its *natural colour*, which is very beautiful

will alſo be much worn in the firſt circles.—Indian ſhawls (put on as worn on the continent) are becoming more the rage than ever; a ſucceſsful imitation of them has recently been made in this country, and will, we have no doubt, receive every encouragement from the ladies of the Britiſh iſles.

Full Dreſſes.

Evening dreſs of a fine cambric, ſtriped with lace; long ſleeves made quite plain: the dreſs made full over the boſom, and confined in front with a medallion or brooch.—A ſmall cap trimmed with velvet, and a lace veil thrown careleſsly over it.—A full dreſs of fine white muſlin, made open from the ſides, and trimmed with lace: ſhort ſleeves, made of alternate ſtripes of lace and muſlin; the boſom formed by a divided handkerchief, which is faſtened to the ſide of the dreſs, and croſſed over the boſom. A petticoat the ſame as the dreſs, trimmed round the bottom with lace. The head dreſſed with a veil, and a bandeau of diamonds or other ornaments.

Head Dreſſes.

A morning cap of white lace over coloured ſilk, with a full lace border. A deep frill of white lace round the neck.—A hat of amaranth velvet, covered with blond lace, and trimmed with black velvet. A feather to match the hat.—A handkerchief cap of white crape, finiſhed with a bow on the left ſide.—Peruvian hats of coloured velvet, ornamented with velvet wreaths.—Turban of ruby-coloured crape.

General Obſervations.—The prevailing colours are green, yellow, and puce. Spaniſh hats of coloured velvet, with feathers to match are generally worn. Black velvet peliſſes, trimmed all round with lace, are moſt prevalent.

Reflections on Man. (Concluded from page 554, September Magazine, 1804.)

'His youthful hoſe well ſaved, a world too wide for his ſhrunk ſhanks.'

SHAKESPEAR.

THE cloſing ſcene of life, when a vigorous or well preſerved conſtitution holds out until a regular decay of nature, is marked with peculiarities differing materially from the other ſtages of humanity; grey hairs and hoary locks denote accumulating years; Nature's defects are more often ſupplied with borrowed coverings.

How different from youth are our employments and purſuits? The ſound of muſic, and continued mirth, begin to loſe their charms. The eyes, ſtrained with long viewing terreſtrial objects, can no longer behold the choiceſt productions of the painter with delight; in ſhort, all our mortal powers ſeem faſt diſſolving, and gradually diſappearing; our diſcourſes generally turn on the extravagancy and folly of youth, and our conſcience upbraids us with much miſpent time, which we fancy to repair by reſolves of penitence and amendment: but as the poet ſays,

'Reſolves and re-reſolves, and dies the ſame.'—*Young's Night Thoughts.*

Avarice peculiarly diſtinguiſhes old age; when we want leaſt we ſeem more afraid of not having our wants ſupplied; ſchemes of economy, which we never practiſed, in the gay and alluring ſeaſon of youth, when we were in health and vigour, engage our attention, when we cannot execute them, on account of imbecility, and diſeaſe; ſtories an hundred and an hundred times repeated, tire the obſequious ear. Chronology and the theme of the old man, remarks on his contemporaries, and a more than uſual remembrancer, of the deaths furniſhed by each revolving year.

Vanity does not forſake even decrepid age: the incredible feats of agility which he deſcribes of his youthful days, often beam rapture in his eye at the recital: the compariſon with the youth of his day, and the preſent, gives him exultation, and the ſuperiority which he aſſerts, gives him a kind of triumph.

He concludes modern faſhion (and indeed here I muſt own with ſome propriety) to bear no compariſon with the old. If he is a learned old man, and a lover of the drama, when you praiſe a Betty, a Kemble, or a Siddons, &c. he gives you a long liſt of a Garrick, a Moſſop

a Meſſop, a Sheridan, a Fitzhenry, &c. Our modern writers muſt yield the palm, in his mind, to a Milton, a Locke, or a Swift. And ſhall I carry the compariſon as far as the great legiſlators of the nation, they muſt yield to a Chatham, a Pultney, &c. &c.

In ſhort his veneration for every thing old, increaſes with his years—he daily brings to view the apparel of the youth, and conſults nothing but warmth and prolongation of life, at a time when Fate, with her ſhears, is prepared to cut the feeble thread that keeps him in the world.

Melancholy is the winter of old days, and the evening of life wears not away without diſeaſes of the moſt acute and painful kind. Reaſon, by continually combating infirmities, grows weak, and our boaſted philoſophy diſappears.—Our proſpect at this period of life, is well deſcribed in the following immortal lines:

Leaving the old both worlds at once they view,
That ſtand upon the treſhold of the new. WALLER.

Death at length often comes welcomely to the aid of mortals; our infirmities which human aid fails to alleviate, are conquered only by the univerſal Conqueror, who changes in a moment the vain ſcene of ſublunary events.—Here muſt the curtain drop. W. P.

Abbey-Boyle, January 6, 1805.

Chronological Table of the moſt remarkable Occurrences of the Year one Thouſand Eight Hundred and Four.

January.

1. *ADMIRAL* Cornwallis, who had been driven off Breſt by a tremendous gale of wind on the 24th and 25th of December, ſailed again this day from Torbay, and reſumed his ſtation before the enemy's port.

4. The colours preſented to the queen's royal volunteers by the counteſs of Harrington, as the ſubſtitute of her majeſty.

5. The differences between Auſtria and Bavaria amicably ſettled, and the village of Oberhauſen evacuated by the Bavarian troops.

7. Five ſail of French tranſports bound to Boulogne, with timber and proviſions for the army, captured by our cruizers.

12. Bonaparte leaves Paris for the coaſt.

14. Francis Smith tried and condemned at the Old Bailey for ſhooting Thomas Milwood, under the miſtake of his being a ghoſt.

20. His majeſty ſlightly indiſpoſed.

26. Accounts received relative to the revolution in the Carnatic.

February 5. Arrival of Rochambeau with ſome of his officers in England from St. Domingo.—The prince of Wales ſeriouſly indiſpoſed.

6. Curious correſpondence publiſhed, between lord Redeſdale and lord Fingal, relative to the catholics of Ireland.—Accounts received that the independence of St. Domingo had been proclaimed by the chiefs of the blacks, Deſſalines, Chriſtophe, and Clerveaux.

7. Intelligence received of the capitulation of the French at St. Domingo, and the evacuation of that iſland.—Prince's health rather improved.—Deciſion of the court of king's bench againſt the conſtruction put by government on their own acts of parliament relative to the volunteers.

16. His majeſty ſeriouſly indiſpoſed, and attended by ſeveral phyſicians.

21. Accounts received of the ſeiſure of the Britiſh goods in Holland by the French, and diſcontents among the Dutch on that account.

22. His majeſty's indiſpoſition continues without any material alteration.—Preparations in France for the invaſion of England carried on with vigour.

March 2. Diſcuſſion in the houſe of lords reſpecting the royal indiſpoſition.—Lord Grenville ſolicits ſome communication on the ſubject from the lord chancellor, who refuſes to ſay any thing further than that he would not think it conſiſtent with his duty to affix the great ſeal to any commiſſion without taking his majeſty's opinion upon it.—Lord Grenville inſiſted upon the right of the legiſ-

legiſlature to be informed whether his majeſty could come to his parliament and tranſact buſineſs.

3. Mr. Grey, in the houſe of commons, aſked the chancellor of the exchequer, whether his information relative to his majeſty's health was derived from perſonal acceſs to his majeſty, or from the report of the phyſicians.—The chancellor of the exchequer replied, that it was from the report of the phyſicians: upon which, mr. Grey gave notice of a motion on the ſubject.

5. Bonaparté obliges Portugal to pay for the liberty of remaining neutral and unmoleſted.

6. The lord chancellor, in the houſe of lords, intimates his having ſeen his majeſty, and obtained his conſent to the paſſing of a bill in which his intereſt was concerned.

7. Accounts received of the conſpiracy againſt Bonaparté, attributed to Georges, Pichegru, Môreau, and others. —Moreau arreſted.—The Engliſh nation accuſed by Bonaparté of an attempt to aſſaſſinate him.—His majeſty's indiſpoſition continues, with no material alteration.

10. The lord chancellor affirms that his majeſty is in a ſtate of health that rendered him fully competent to exerciſe the royal functions.

12. His majeſty ſtated to be conſiderably better.—A coroner's inqueſt ſat on the body of lord Camelford, who was killed in a duel, and brought in their verdict wilful murder.

13. Louiſiana taken poſſeſſion of by the American government.—Accounts from Holland and France of the preparations for invaſion, and for the trial of the conſpirators.—Pichegru arreſted.

19. Deaths of the duke of Roxburgh, and lord Alvanley, chief juſtice of the common pleas.

24. The chancellor and mr. Addington had audiences of his majeſty, who advances in his recovery.—Bulletins diſcontinued.

28. The American ſenate decides againſt the introduction of ſlavery into Louiſiana, by a majority of 22 againſt 7.

30. Advices of a battle in India between the Mahratta troops and our forces, in which the former were beaten, with conſiderable loſs on our ſide.

April 2. Mutiny on board the Queen Charlotte merchantman, which is carried into Cadiz.—She is reſtored by the Spaniſh government.

3. The duke d'Enghien ſeized by Bonaparté in a neutral territory, tried by a ſpecial commiſſion, and found guilty.

5. Accounts received of the proceedings of the army under general Lake in India, and its brilliant ſucceſs.—Delhi, the capital of the Mogul empire taken. —The emperor expreſſes a wiſh to put himſelf under Britiſh protection.

6. Account received of the death of dr. Prieſtley, in America.

9. The elector of Baden, at the deſire of Bonaparté, baniſhes French emigrants from his dominions.

10. Mr. Drake, our ambaſſador at Munich, charged by the French with being privy to the conſpiracy, and with having encouraged the aſſaſſination of Bonaparté.

11. The duke d'Enghien ſecretly ſhot, in the wood of Vincennes.

18. Death of general Pichegru.—Bonaparté takes advantages of the conſpiracy to forward his object in aſſuming the title of emperor.

21. The elector of Wirtemburgh and other German princes forced to expel the emigrants from their dominions.

24. Mr. Fox's motion relative to the defence of the country debated in the houſe of commons.—It is warmly ſupported by mr. Pitt.—Miniſters, in a houſe as full as poſſible, command no more than a majority of 52.

26. Mr. Pitt's plan of defence ſtated by him in the houſe of commons. Mr. Fox propoſes that it ſhould be immediately taken into conſideration.—Majority of miniſters reduced to 37.

28. Goree recaptured by the Engliſh.

May 1. The marquis of Stafford's motion reſpecting the defence of the country poſtponed in conſequence of a declaration from lord Hawkeſbury, that ſome arrangements were in agitation that might render it unneceſſary.—The budget

budget brought forward by mr. Addington in the houſe of commons.

2. Lord Hawkeſbury's circular note addreſſed to the foreign miniſters at the court of London.—Mr. Drake ordered to quit Munich by the elector of Bavaria, on account of his ſhare in the conſpiracy.—Spencer Smith, miniſter at Stutgard, accuſed by the French of promoting the conſpiracy in the ſame manner as Mr. Drake.

3. Mr. Pitt called upon by his majeſty to give his opinion on the ſtate of public affairs, and the eſtabliſhment of a new miniſtry.—Spencer Smith removes from Stutgard.

7. Mr. Pitt receives his majeſty's commands to ſubmit to him the outlines of a new miniſtry.

9. Mr. Fox peremptorily excluded from the new adminiſtration.—The new oppoſition, or Grenville party, refuſe to have any thing to do with an adminiſtration founded on ſuch a ſyſtem of excluſion.—Mr. Fox ſolicits his friends to enter into the new miniſtry, and promiſes his ſupport equally as if he had been in office.

10. Mr. Pitt appointed to the ſtation of chancellor of the exchequer.

11. All mr. Fox's friends, as well as the new oppoſition, refuſe to join the adminiſtration without him.

15. The queſtion of Bonaparté's aſſumption of the imperial dignity diſcuſſed *pro forma* in the French ſenate.

18. A public mourning at the court of Peterſburgh for the duke d'Enghien.—Louis XVIII. proteſts againſt the uſurpation of Bonaparté.—Forgery on the Liſbon bank.

22. The French legiſlature confer the dignity of emperor on Bonaparté.

30. Bonaparté proclaimed emperor of the French.—His brothers made princes.—Addreſſes on the occaſion, full of groſs adulation.

31. Mr. Wilberforce makes his promiſed motion in the houſe of commons, and obtains leave to bring in a bill to regulate the African ſlave trade.

June 2. Proclamation of the blacks of St. Domingo, declaring their reſolution to maintain their independence, and appointing of Deſſalines governor-general for life.

9. Mr. Pitt's additional force bill experiences a warm oppoſition in the houſe of commons.

14. Mr. Livingſtone, the American ambaſſador to the court of France, leaves London.—The object of his journey to London ſaid to be the negotiation of a loan to complete the purchaſe of Louiſiana.

25. Accounts received of the capture of Surinam.

26. Debate in the houſe of lords on the additional force bill, in which the miniſtry have a decided majority.—Sentence paſſed on the French conſpirators—Georges condemned.—Moreau acquitted.

July 3. Mr. Pitt, in the houſe of commons, moves a reſolution for adding £.60,000 a year to the civil liſt, and for a groſs ſum of £.591,815 3s. 10½d. to diſcharge the debt upon it.—Reſolution carried with only one diſſenting voice, that of ſir Francis Burdett.—Rumours of invaſion.

4. The ſlave-trade bill is loſt in the houſe of lords.

6. Note preſented to the French government by the Ruſſian chargé d'affairs at Paris, relative to the murder of the duke d'Enghien.

9. Meſſage of his majeſty to the houſe of commons, relative to the defence of the country.—Louis XVIII. rejects a ſecond application from Bonaparté for his reſignation of his claims to the throne of France.—Acknowledgment of the new dignity of Bonaparté by the emperor of Germany, in the capacity of king of Bohemia and Hungary.

11. The Middleſex committee declare the election void, and a new writ is ordered to be iſſued.—Several of the French conſpirators executed, and others ordered to be impriſoned for life.—Moreau is baniſhed to the united ſtates of America.

14. Bonaparté aſſumes all the ſplendour of royalty.—Proteſt of Louis XVIII. againſt his uſurpation.

20. The corn bill thrown out of the houſe of commons, in conſequence of an amendment of the lords.—Another is ordered to be brought in, which afterwards paſſes.

23. C

23. Convention between the count of Bentheim and Bonaparte relative to the country of Bentheim.—Proclamations of Deſſalines, and maſſacre of the whites at St. Domingo.

24. The election for a member for Middleſex commences at Brentford: poll opened for ſir Francis Burdett and mr. Mainwaring, jun.

Auguſt 1. His majeſty goes in ſtate to the houſe of lords, and prorogues the parliament.

9. Cloſe of the poll at Brentford.—Joy of the populace at the expected ſucceſs of ſir Francis Burdett.—Accounts received of the glorious action of the China fleet, which beat off Linois's ſquadron.

10. Mr. Mainwaring returned by the ſheriffs at Brentford, that gentleman having a majority of 5, at the cloſe of the poll at three o'clock on the laſt day. The votes admitted after that hour are expunged by the ſheriffs.

15. Meeting of ſir Francis Burdett's friends, and reſolutions of ſevere reprehenſion on the conduct of the ſheriffs paſſed.

16. The king of Sweden pledges himſelf to ſupport the emperor of Ruſſia in the demand of ſatisfaction for the violation of the territory of Baden.

17. Accounts received of the duel between the American general Hamilton and vice-preſident Burr, in which the former was killed.—Bremen blockaded by the French, for refuſal to pay a contribution.

18. Preparations in Holland for invaſion.

21. Pretended attempt to aſſaſſinate Louis XVIII.

27. Declaration delivered by the Ruſſian charge d'affaires at Paris, demanding the evacuation of Hanover by the French, and an indemnity for the king of Sardinia.

28. Mrs. Thornton rides a race on the race-ground at York.

September 1. Speech of mr. Thornton at the meeting of mr. Mainwaring's friends.

5. Francis II. aſſumes the title of emperor of Auſtria.

11. Napoleon battery erected at Cherbourg.—The emperor of Auſtria announces his new title to the diet at Ratiſbon.

14. Departure of the Ruſſian charge d'affaires from Paris.

16. The Vienna court gazette, for the firſt time, deſignates Bonaparte by the title of emperor. The pope is ordered to attend at Paris to crown the emperor Bonaparte.

17. Reſtoration of the order of jeſuits in Naples and Sicily.—The Batavian government refuſes to indemnify the prince of Orange.

25. The diet at Ratiſbon adjourns, without any deliberation on the emperor of Ruſſia's note relative to the violation of the territories of Baden.

28. Journey of the French emperor and empreſs, and the ſervile adulation of the people of France.—Dreadful plague at Malaga.—French journals prohibited in Sweden.

October 1. Poll at Guildhall for electing a lord mayor.—The grand jury of New York found a bill of indictment againſt vice-preſident Burr, for the murder of general Hamilton.

5. Experiment againſt the Boulogne flotilla attended with a partial ſucceſs.

6. The king of Sweden orders all his ſubjects in France to quit that country.

8. Martello towers erected for the defence of the coaſt.

9. Spain perſiſts in her refuſal to ratify the convention relative to the ceſſion of Louiſiana.

10. Mr. alderman Perchard choſen lord mayor for the city of London.

11. Lord G. L. Gower, appointed ambaſſador to the court of Peterſburgh.

15. Plague at Gibraltar.—Diſputes between Spain and America, owing to the claim of Spain to Weſt Florida.—The aſſembly at Jamaica continue to refuſe the demands made for money for the defence of the iſland.

19. Three Spaniſh men-of-war captured by our ſhips.

25. The French chargé d'affaires ordered to quit Peterſburgh.

November 1. Intercepted letter publiſhed from the French miniſter of marine to Jerome Bonaparté, commanding him

him to return and leave his wife in America.

2. Seizure of ſir George Rumbold, our ambaſſador at Hamburgh.—Tremendous hurricane in the Windward Iſlands.

10. Sir George Rumbold carried to Paris.

12. Official note ſent to the foreign courts reſpecting the ſeizure of ſir Geo. Rumbold.—Emperor of Auſtria conſents to admit the order of the jeſuits into his dominions.

13. Interview between the king and prince.

16. The porte refuſes to acknowledge Bonaparte as emperor of the French.—Court of Berlin remonſtrates againſt the ſeizure of ſir George Rumbold.

17. Deſſalines proclaimed emperor of Hayti.

19. Sir George Rumbold arrives in London; having been liberated, after being deprived of his papers, and compelled to promiſe that he would not return to the continent.

22. Bonaparte reſolves to exclude Britiſh merchandize from Holland.—French ſtate, that they liberated ſir George Rumbold at the deſire of his Pruſſian majeſty.

24. Departure of mr. Frere from the court of Madrid.

26. Robbery of Wagſtaff, a king's meſſenger, in a neutral territory, by Bonaparte, and his diſpatches taken from him.

28. The Venerable man-of-war loſt in Torbay.

29. Accounts received of the loſs of the Romney.

December 1. The young Roſcius makes his appearance at Covent-garden.

2. Bonaparte crowned by the pope at Paris.

14. Preparations for the coronation of the emperor of Hayti.—Jerome Bonaparte attempts to eſcape our cruizers on his return to France.—Colonel Burr appointed to take his trial for murder.

15. Account of the coronation of Bonaparte received by the French papers.—Bonaparte takes poſſeſſion of the iſlands on the Rhine.

17. Britiſh court acknowledges the Auſtrian imperial dignity.

19. General Moore ſent to Portugal, to examine its ſtate of defence.

20. An embargo laid on all Spaniſh ſhips in Britiſh ports.—Earl of Moira arrives from Scotland, to ſettle a point of importance in the royal family.

22. Funeral of alderman Boydell.

24. Accounts received that the yellow fever at Barbadoes had carried off lord Proby the commander, with moſt of the officers, of the Amelia.—Letter from India, ſtating the reſtoration of peace between our government in India and Holkar the Mahratta chief.

26. Programma of the coronation of Deſſalines.

On the Popular Farce, Matrimony, now performing.

To the Editor.

SIR,

IF our dramatic writers are not witty in themſelves, they are at leaſt the cauſe that there is wit in other men. It has been for ſome time their practice to give their performances ſuch titles as may lead to puns, and other ſpecies of inferior wit, and perhaps there may be prudence in this. They are but borrowing a hint from the authors of former times, who threw all their wit into the title-pages of their books; and, as Harry Fielding ſays, very wiſely, becauſe few people read much further. However, ſir, the cauſe is ſomewhat different with plays; but wherein the difference conſiſts I ſhall not be ſo rude as to ſtate.

My purpoſe in theſe few lines, is to inform you, that ſince the appearance of '*Matrimony, a farce,*' at our theatre, there is nothing to be heard in the circles I perambulate, whether learned, grave, gay, or youthful, but a ſucceſſion of puns and witticiſms at the expenſe of the connubial ſtate; —and, I am ſorry to ſay it, the *ladies* are among the moſt forward in this pop-gun exchange of *bon mots*. A ſhrewd liſtener may make another farce out of them, as witty, to the full, as any of our modern dramas can exhibit.

Pray

Pray ma'am, how do you like *Matrimony?*—Why, ſir, the firſt act goes off very well, but the ſecond hangs very heavy. Pray how do *you* like *Matrimony?*—Oh, I am no judge of it, but it is very laughable. But I wonder they did not make a full piece of *Matrimony.*—Nay, ſome people ſay the ſhorter the better.—Is there much plot in *Matrimony?*—Not much, a little contrivance to bring the parties together, but one may ſoon ſee how it will end.—I ſuppoſe it will bring a good deal of money to the houſe?—Ha! ha! ha! that's a good joke. No; *Matrimony* is more likely to take a good deal of money out of a houſe.—You have ſeen it a ſecond time, I think, my lord?—Yes, but faith I do not like it ſo well as the firſt. *(A loud laugh.)*—Well, but really theſe kind of things ſeldom do above once; no, *Matrimony* will not bear repetition; it don't improve upon one.—Pray, ſir John, have you ſeen *Matrimony?*—No, my lady, I have enough of that at home; 'pon honour, it ought to have been called a tragedy.—O fye, ſir John!—Nay, my lady, it is ſo dull, and ſuch abundance of crying.—Is there good ſcenery in *Matrimony?*———A tolerable chamber ſcene in the firſt act, and after that there is a good deal of ſhifting of ſcene; I wonder there was no perſpective of *Doctors' Commons.*—Why, truly, I expected as much, when I obſerved the intereſt fall off.—Well, after all, my lord, I am not for having *Matrimony* brought on the ſtage to be laughed at.—Oh, my lady dowager, I aſſure you there is not much laughing; it is grave enough for real life.—How are the performers?—Why, pretty well, conſidering few of them are much acquainted with the ſubject.—Well, truly, I wonder what they will bring out next?—Why *The Divorce*, to be ſure; and that, ſome of us know, will *bring money* to a houſe.———

Sir, I might fill your miſcellany with theſe jokes, but I am unwilling to anticipate ſome of the newſpapers who deal in nothing elſe; and if I have ſaved any of their writers the trouble of gnawing his fingers, and ſcratching his head for an hour, I ſhall not think much of my labour in minuting down the eſſence of the wit of two routs, and three tea-parties. I am, ſir,

BENEDICTUS.

Forgiveneſs and Revenge: an Allegory. By the Author of "Eſſays after the Manner of Goldſmith."

FORGIVENESS was the daughter of BENEVOLENCE and CHARITY: ſhe was lovely as the ſpring, and her breath was as the zephyr impregnated with the ſweets of the lily and the roſe: her ſmiles were emblems of love and peace; and her ſteps were the promiſe of true joy and delight. Conſtant gaiety and chearfulneſs adorned the face of the fair daughter of CHARITY; ſhe was ſwift in her walk, and in her viſits to the unhappy ſhe outſtripped her ſiſters CAUTION and PRUDENCE. She carried a precious balm in a cenſor, which ſhe conſtantly held in her hand, and gave it to all who were wounded with the ſtings of SORROW and AFFLICTION. FORGIVENESS accompanied her mother, CHARITY, wherever ſhe went; and obedient at all times to her inclinations, preſented the balm of love and peace to every one who aſked it with becoming modeſty.

The conſtant exerciſe that FORGIVENESS uſed ſecured to her the health and beauty of her youth, and her lovelineſs was acknowledged by all who knew her.

It happened, that in one of the journies wherein FORGIVENESS accompanied her mother as uſual, ſhe met with a boiſterous and ill-mannered ſtranger, named RUDENESS, who was full of ſtrong drink and diſorderly mirth. RUDENESS, when he came near the damſel, ſeized on her violently, and would have taſted from her lips the ſweets ambroſia of pure ininjured health. FORGIVENESS, with a mild but forbidding eye, and the gentle accents of expoſtulation, inquired into the cauſe of his behaviour. "I have never," ſaid ſhe, "offended you; why, then, have you the deſire to offend me?" RUDENESS was aſhamed, and FORGIVENESS, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw the bluſh, forgave.

FOR-

FORGIVENESS, in purſuing the path that her mother had taken, next met with a deformed and ugly imp, called CUNNING; who obſerving that ſhe was diſpoſed to give ſome aſſiſtance to a poor creature who had offended his maſter, ſtepped in between, and carried away the returning favour of the poor man's patron. FORGIVENESS reddened at the cruel advantage; but ſeeing her mother near at hand, took from her lap a larger portion of bleſſing to make amends to the ſufferer. CUNNING winked its little ugly eyes in confuſion, and trembled for fear of being expoſed. Though FORGIVENESS could not pardon the baſe attempt of CUNNING, yet her mother, CHARITY, gave her a tender ſmile of forbearance, that made her paſs on without applying to RESENTMENT.

FORGIVENESS had not proceeded much farther, before ſhe met with a ſeducer who had juſt deſtroyed the peace of mind of one of the children of her ſiſter INNOCENCE, and betrayed her by falſe promiſes into guilt. When, however, FORGIVENESS approached nearer, ſhe ſaw that REMORSE had ſeized with his mercileſs fangs the ſeducer by the heart. FORGIVENESS, mild and gentle as ſhe was, could not offer her hand to the cruel betrayer; but ſhe beckoned to ATONEMENT, who was not far off, and who with gentle ſtrength overcame REMORSE, while CHARITY led FORGIVENESS to the repentant ſinner.

Whilſt FORGIVENESS thus employed herſelf in the kind offices of humanity, REVENGE, who was the child of ENMITY, and grown up to great bulk and ſtrength, ſet out alſo to traverſe the earth. REVENGE was of an hideous form; of black colour; his eyes inflamed and red, and the ſockets which contained them of a deep yellow: he trod with a determined ſtep, and meaſured vaſt extents of ground, heedleſs which road he took, and intent only, like the lion, on his prey. REVENGE was not long before he met RUDENESS who treated him with ſcorn, and thruſt him from the path. REVENGE drew forth his javelin, and thruſt with ſuch force, that it would inevitably have deſtroyed the offender, had it not paſſed by him, which it did with the velocity of a flaſh of lightening, and ſtriking againſt a ſtone wall, rebounded, and fixed itſelf in the foot of REVENGE, who ſent forth a dreadful yell at the pain it gave him: in the main while, RUDENESS had eſcaped.

REVENGE next met CUNNING, whom he wiſhed to engage in his ſervice to purſue RUDENESS. CUNNING conſented to give his aſſiſtance, and pretended to ſhew him the neareſt road to execute his vengeance, for which he was paid by REVENGE at every two or three ſteps, until at length he got him into a quagmire, where he left him, and ſeeking out RUDENESS, obtained more money from him to ſhew him the road to eſcape REVENGE.

REVENGE was ſome time before he extricated himſelf, when he purſued CUNNING as faſt as his wound would permit; but that miſchievous fiend only haraſſed and fatigued him in his purſuit, till out of breath and exhauſted, REVENGE ſought REPOSE, but in vain, his mind being ſtill occupied with the ſchemes of vengeance.

REVENGE had now ſome better cauſe for his thirſt after puniſhment; the ſeducer had deſpoiled his ſiſter PRIDE, and he ſought him with the fury of a lion. He overtook them together embracing each other. REVENGE inſtantly threw his javelin; but hurled it with ſuch mighty ſtrength, that it paſſed between the ſhoulders of the ſeducer into the boſom of his own ſiſter, at the very inſtant when the kiſs of atonement had been given to the injured fair-one, and the ring placed on her finger. REVENGE groaned dreadfully, and, maddening with rage, ſallied forth, ſeeking ſome freſh object; the fever of his imagination cauſed him to reſent the moſt accidental neglects and inadvertencies, making every thing a crime. REVENGE was in this reſtleſs and unhappy ſtate, when he met by chance with CHARITY and FORGIVENESS, who endeavoured, by pouring into his wounds the precious balm which they had to beſtow, to alleviate his ſufferings. For

a while

a while, REVENGE was lulled to reſt by its delightful influence; and when he parted with them, he took a portion of it from the lap of FORGIVENESS; but the quantity was ſo ſmall, that it laſted him but a ſhort way on his journey, and he had but little to ſpare to others. Thus CHARITY and FORGIVENESS ſtill continue to bleſs mankind, and REVENGE to moleſt and deſtroy; CHARITY and FORGIVENESS ſtill continue in ſweet health and peace, and REVENGE in a conſtant atrophy of body and mind. G. B.

Former and preſent Ages.—A Dialogue.

——"*YOU* think the men of former ages were guilty of as great vices as thoſe of the preſent?"

"Greater:—but they did not make a ſyſtem of vice; they were hurried into it by their paſſions. Their's were the crimes of men. There is a diſgraceful, a contemptible meanneſs in the vices, as well as the perſons, of the preſent puny race: and neither their paſſions nor their bodies have ſufficient proweſs to make them commit acts that can entitle them to reſpect."

"If they fight a duel, it is not in the heat of anger and deſire of revenge; but it is done with as much ceremony and civility as if they were going to walk a minuet, or ſip a diſh of tea, and as little danger too; for, as they manage the matter, there is ten times more terror in a crab-tree cudgel than in lead and ſteel."

"Why as to the merit or virtue of fighting duels, either in the old mode or the new, I believe we had better not talk of that."

"The veſtiges of ancient independence are wearing away. It makes my very heart ache to ſee the poor remains of towers, that once defied the fury of tyrants and the war of elements, lie mouldering in ruins."

"If we erect a building now, it is in ſuch a light, frippery, unſubſtantial ſtyle, that a piſtol bullet would demoliſh it: a caſtle of cobwebs, ſpun in July, and bruſhed away in November."

"Sir, you are a man of ſenſe."

"And, as to our commerce, we have poiſoned the people with our teas, ſpices, and ſpirits; we ſend to China for pipkins, to Hudſon's bay for cats' ſkins, to Venice for window, alias venice-blinds, and to Leghorn for tooth-picks and fiddle ſtrings: and, that the lower part of the community may not have the power to reproach and deſpiſe their leaders, vice, diſeaſe, and deſtruction are imported in ſhip-loads, and parcelled out in pennyworths."

On an Engraving entitled Oſſian, by Mr. Godefroy.

AN engraving has recently appeared at Paris which greatly adds to the juſtly acquired reputation of mr. Godefroy. It is intitled Oſſian. What grand ideas, what noble, what melancholy images that name recals! Thoſe ideas and thoſe images are all repreſented in the beautiful picture by Gerard, of which this engraving is a copy. It is impoſſible to introduce more unity into a piece, which, without being much varied, is, however, very complex; more graceſulneſs into a mournful ſubject, or more truth into an imaginary ſcene. The ſon of Fingal, aged and blind, attunes, on the banks of the Lutha, the laſt notes of his harp and of his voice.—His attitude is deeply impaſſioned.—The ſpectator imagines that he ſees the movement of his venerable head, and of his ſnowy locks. With his extinguiſhed orbs he no longer ſeeks a ray of light! they are caſt down and cloſed; his mind is wholly concentrated in his poetic enthuſiaſm, and in the recollection of heroic achievements: he plunges, as it were, into torrents of harmony and glory. He has loſt every thing; he has ſurvived all thoſe objects which attached him to life. It is time that he ſhould join the company of his anceſtors: he departs, he bids adieu to the mountains of his native land, but he leaves behind him a memory durable as the oak of the forreſts of Morven.

All that paſſes in the imagination of the aged bard, is realiſed on the canvas by the youthful painter. The ſhades of his forefathers are aſſembled on the clouds. On one ſide the majeſtic Fingal, ſupporting his head with his hand, liſtening

liſtening to the ſong of his ſon. With his left arm he cloſely preſſes the beauteous Comala, his youthful miſtreſs, ſhe, who accompanied him in battle, in the diſguiſe of a young warrior, and who of joy on ſeeing him return triumphant at the moment ſhe was deploring his death. The aged Trenmor, the ſtock of the race of Fingal, is on his right, and behind them are the other heroes. On the other ſide is ſated the youthful Oſcar; his attitude is mournful: the tender Malvina embraces, conſoles him with her careſſes, and appears herſelf to drive conſolation from the ſongs of the father of Oſcar. Above them is a group of heroines; Evirallin, the wife of Oſſian, whoſe ſweet voice he has celebrated, the daughters of Morni and others, accompany with their harps the harp of the ſon of Fingal, ſcatter flowers, and bring crowns for their hero. Thus every part of this beautiful piece tends to one common centre. Oſſian is ſurrounded only with the objects of his affection and the creations of his genius. He himſelf, the torrent, a rural landſcape, the antique turrets of the caſtle of his forefathers, blueiſh range of mountains, and, on their ſummit, the ſun's paler orb, are alone realities and the admirable fidelity of the pencil, the magic diſtribution of light and ſhade, render them not only viſible but palpable. All the reſt is ideal, all the figures of heroines are aërial and tranſparant. It is impoſſible to render more complete the illuſion reſulting from the ſkifull combination of fancy and truth.

The engraving is executed with the utmoſt fidelity.

The New Year's Gift. A Tale. By Joſeph Moſer, Eſq. Written Jan. 1, 1805.

IN the oppoſition to the tyranny of Leopold, which had univerſally oppreſſed the generous and ſpirited Hungarians, at the beginning of the 18th century, and had cauſed them, from motives in which, perhaps revenge operated more forcibly than recollection, to appeal to and ſupplicate the aſſiſtance of the French and the Turks, (two powers, either of which was equally obnoxious to them,) and endeavour to throw themſelves into the arms of maſters equally inſiduous and equally falſe; in thoſe times when the oppreſſion of the nobles and the ſubjugation of the peaſants ſeemed to go hand in hand, it was, on the day dedicated to the celebration of the new year, obſerved that count Ferdinand, a young nobleman whoſe reſidence was in a caſtle a few miles from Preſburgh, had unfurled a ſtandard on which was diſplayed the arms of his ancient family upon a ground of *red* ſilk. The peaſantry around gazed with wonder at this phenomenon; for although, at every annual revolution, they had been uſed to ſee the banner of the family wave in wanton magnificence over the tower of the caſtle, the arms had always before this intereſting period been emblazoned on a ground of pure *white*.

'What can have changed the colour of our protector and benefactor's ſtandard?' ſaid old Nicholo the peaſant.

'I cannot gueſs,' returned his ſon Peter: 'however, it ſeems to have taken the colour of the times.'

'Boy and man,' ſaid the father, 'I remember the ſtandard to have been more than fifty times diſplayed upon this annual ſolemnity, and it was heretofore always white.'

'Perhaps,' returned Peter, 'Leopold has had it dyed like his own enſign, in the blood of his ſubjects!'

'No, boy,' cried Nicholo, 'that is impoſſible! the houſe of Alaric is as remarkable for the humanity, the benevolence, the courteſy of its deſcendant, as that of Leopold has been for the oppoſite qualities of its members, which indeed has cauſed our lord, the noble, the generous Ferdinand who is a truer repreſentative of the virtues, than even of the dignity, of his family, to withdraw himſelf from court.'

'What, then,' added Peter, 'can have induced the mild, the compaſſionate Ferdinand to ſuffer a banner of the colour which he deteſts to float over the turret of his caſtle?'

'Depend upon it, there is ſome rea-

ſon

ſon for this of which we are not aware,' ſaid the old ſire. 'The wiſe and learned Ferdinand,' he continued, 'ſeeing himſelf ſurrounded by the peaſants of the neighbourhood—I ſay the wiſe and learned Ferdinand (for, young as he is, his wiſdom, and, as father Sebaſtian ſays, his learning, are equally eminent,) never does any thing without a reaſon.'

'Perhaps ſaid Jerome, one of the youths, 'Agatha, whom you may now ſee coming down the caſtle hill, with a long train of village maidens, may inform us.'

'Yes!' cried Nicholo, 'that is very likely! I ſhould not repeat my praiſe of the wiſdom of our patron, if I could ſuppoſe him capable of truſting ſuch a girl as my grand daughter Agatha, or any girl or woman, with his ſecrets.'

'I ſhould be glad,' ſaid Jerome, 'to truſt her with mine.'

'Very likely!' returned the grandſire; 'you are not Ferdinand! I have no intention to praiſe you for your wiſdom!'

By this time, Agatha, at the head of her troop of virgins, approached the place. The youths of the neighbourhood crowded around them.

'Having,' ſaid Agatha, 'been to pay our reſpects to the good Elinor, our patroneſs, who, though ſtill devoted to ſorrow, ſtill mourning for the loſs of her lord, the noble Alaric, kindly condeſcended for a few minutes to ſee us, I would wiſh to inform you my grandſire, of the circumſtances of our viſit. When I made my obeiſance, ſhe threw back her veil, ſtepped forward, and took my hand.'

'No!' ſaid Nicholo.

'I ſay yes!' ſaid Jerome.

'Indeed ſhe did!' returned Agatha. 'She inquired after my mother, my father, and grandfather.

'What!' exclaimed Nicholo, 'amidſt her ſorrow could ſhe think of me?'

'Yes!' cried Agatha, 'ſhe ſaid that you was a brave and a good man; that you once ſaved her huſband's life; and that heaven would reward you for the noble deed.'

'I have been rewarded both by heaven and the count, and am trebly rewarded in her remembrance of me,' returned Nicholo.

'She then,' continued Agatha, 'threw her arms around my neck, and wept.'

'What! as I do now, my lovely girl?' exclaimed the grandſire. 'I remember Elinor,' he continued, 'when ſhe was about your age. I will not ſay how beautiful ſhe was; the world, the court, the country, were alike ſenſible of her charms; but we her dependants, alſo felt her goodneſs. I remember the count Alaric a ſtripling; I attended on him in his firſt campaign; I was, after his return, preſent at his firſt interview with Elinor; I was preſent, likewiſe, at their nuptials; all was joy and hilarity: I remember—But why ſhould I endeavour to recall theſe things to my mind, only to goad and torture me?—Alaric—ſo many years younger than myſelf—yet it was not permitted that I ſhould die in thy ſervices.—Did you my lovely girl, ſee Ferdinand?'

'Yes, indeed we did,' ſaid Agatha: 'we carried him a new year's gift.'

'Is he not the image of his father?' cried Nicholo.

'He is the image of every thing that is beautiful and courteous!' returned Agatha.

'What,' ſaid Nicholo,' could your new year's gift conſiſt of? How you could find, or make any preſent worthy of acceptance of our noble patron and benevolent protector, is at preſent a ſecret which I cannot develope.'

'Then ſaid Jerome, 'you muſt for once allow that Agatha and her companions can keep a ſecret as well as ourſelves.'

'I hope better, in this inſtance, friend Jerome,' ſaid Agatha.

'You will now,' ſaid Nicholo, 'diſcover it.'

'Not,' returned Agatha, 'O honoured grandſire! without your abſolute commands; and then only to yonrſelf it will probably be more generally developed by its effects.'

'Then my lovely and good girls, for I perceive that you are all ſharers in this

this ſame ſecret, of whatſoever nature it may be,' ſaid Nicholo, 'God forbid that I ſhould tempt you, or any of you, to a premature diſcovery of it! The ſecret, as I apprehend, cannot, from your ſituations in life, be of any very great importance; but let its conſequence be ever ſo ſmall, it will be good exerciſe of the virtue of forbearance, and a good trial of the point of honour, a point of immenſe importance to either ſex, if you continue true to each other, and perſevere in a ſteady and general taciturnity on this ſubject, till time ſhall develope the myſtery.—One thing I muſt obſerve, which is, that if you can keep this ſecret from your lovers, you will have little difficulty in concealing it from your grandfather.'

Chapter II.

The annual revolution has, from the earlieſt ages down to the preſent period, been, by every nation, not only conſidered as a ſeaſon of the utmoſt ſolemnity, but alſo by many of them of the greateſt feſtivity. In this double point of view it was, by the Hungarians, (who valued themſelves upon the adoption of many cuſtoms which their Pannonian anceſtors derived from the Romans,) always celebrated.

The ſeaſon was at preſent adverſe; the country, oppreſſed by Leopold, was groaning under the moſt grievous exactions, and, environed by hoſtile armies was in a ſtate of torpor which ſeemed better calculated to invite than to repel invaſion. The nobles, treated by their monarch with haughty diſregard, or ſubjected to the moſt abject ſuſpicion of an oppoſition to him, which indeed his own meaſures had excited, had retired to their caſtles, where diſguſted with their political ſituation, they remained in ſullen dignity; while the peaſantry, following the example of their lords, ſheltered themſelves in their cottages, and prepared to wait the event of an extirpation from their country, which under the prevailing ſyſtem, all ranks ſeemed tacitly to agree was ſcarcely worth defending.

In this tremendous calm, (a calm more awful than many ſtorms had been,) no event had excited public curioſity, until it was circulated through the diſtrict, that the young count Ferdinand had, on the firſt annual celebration after the death of his father, changed the colour of the ancient ſtandard of his family from white to red. Small things ſometimes lead to great events. The character of Ferdinand, except for courage, (which being indigeneous to the nobility and peaſantry of the country, and therefore little remarked,) was almoſt entirely unknown to his compeers. The day of the entrance into a new era was a period when the hoſpitality of Alaric had always made it a cuſtom to throw open the gates of his caſtle, and in the ſpacious hall entertain all who choſe to partake of the feaſt.

Ferdinand, in imitation of his father, did the ſame; and as this was a fortunate opportunity for the gratification of a curioſity which the diſplay of the ſtandard had pretty generally excited, the nobility from a conſiderable diſtance, as well as the peaſantry of the vicinity, had aſſembled long before the cannon from the battlements, whoſe continued reports reverberated through the vallies, had announced the commencement of the feſtival.

The hall of the caſtle, immenſe as its dimenſions were, had never before been ſo crowded. The widowed Elinor did not appear; but her daughter, the lovely Theodora, graced the head of the high table. Father Sebaſtian ſat at the bottom, with Ferdinand and Eldric his uncle on either ſide.

After the good prieſt had offered his thanks for the repaſt, and the female part of the company had retired, Ferdinand placed himſelf at the head of the table, and thus addreſſed his gueſts.

'Noble and illuſtrious lords! and you their worthy dependants, that form the exterior circle around us! young as I am, I can yet remember when, upon this ſolemn feſtival, my much-lamented father, the noble Alaric, in his addreſs to his aſſemblies ſuch as I have at preſent the happineſs of beholding,

beholding, uſed, in glowing colours, (and in a ſtrain of rhetoric which flew directly to the hearts of his auditors,) to paint the happineſs which all ranks of people then enjoyed under the mild influence of a beneficent monarch, by whoſe example every nobleman ſquared his conduct with reſpect to the amelioration of the condition of the peaſantry on his eſtate.

'The ſtandard of the houſe of Alaric was then colourleſs; a ſymbol of the innocence and ſecurity of our lives, and our readineſs to adopt thoſe benignant traits which diſtinguiſhed that government, in which nothing was aſſumed to the prejudice or oppreſſion of the people.

'Sorry I am, O noble lords! that I muſt, even before you have fully contemplated its effects, reverſe this pleaſing picture, and, with a ſombre pencil, deaden the brilliancy of its colouring; but the urgent neceſſity of the times muſt plead my excuſe. Every one has felt, every one in this aſſembly (I ſee by their expreſſive countenances around me,) continues to feel, the degradation and cruelty which now operate upon the minds and perſons of the once free and generous Hungarians, and the oppreſſions which they are compelled to endure from the tyranny of a ruffian, who has uſurped the dominion of his once flouriſhing and happy country; happy under the mild influence of a race of monarchs to whom they did not merely pay a willing obedience, but whom they enthuſiaſtically loved. I need ſay little more to inſpire you with all that ardour which once animated your warlike anceſtors. The diſtreſſes of the times ought to act as a ſtimulus to our exertions. I ſhall, therefore, only add, that, in order to ſhow my abhorrence of the character of the uſurper, I have tinged the ancient banner of our houſe; and ſeconded by you, O noble lords! I mean, in the ſanguine colour it now exhibits, to indicate defiance to the uſurper. We have a prince, the rightful heir to the crown, who is as valiant and virtuous as he is amiable and benignant. Let, therefore, the other parts of the empire crouch beneath the yoke of a foreign tyrant, if the puſillanimity of their inhabitants has ſo far enervated them; but let the free, the generous, the ſpirited Hungarians, become again the protectors of the ancient dynaſty of their monarchs, and ſhow the reſt of Europe, that although they have, for a ſhort period, ſuffered the brilliancy of the throne to be eclipſed, they are ready, with their cannon, to diſperſe thoſe clouds, ſo that it may with renovated ſplendour diſpenſe its rays to every part of the country.'

The rapture with which this ſpeech was received may be better conceived than it may be expreſſed. The aſſembled nobles ſwore to ſupport and defend each other, while they anxiouſly purſued meaſures tending to the reſtoration of their native prince. The peaſantry caught the enthuſiaſm of the moment; and while, with one voice, Ferdinand was declared their leader, Nicholo addreſſed him in the name of the lower order of the people. 'I have,' ſaid he, 'illuſtrious Ferdinand! image of Alaric! liſtened to your glowing and animating periods with ſurpriſe and pleaſure. From the laurel ſuſpended over your head you ſeem to catch that warlike ardour which once enflamed your anceſtors. Sacred to the God of battles be that plant, which appears to be placed there as a ſymbol that your exertions will one day be crowned with victory! To this the whole aſſembly gave an aſſenting ſhout; and Ferdinand replied! 'My venerable and reſpectable friend Nicholo! how the miſſetoe, the ancient ornament of this hall, came to be diſplaced, and the laurel in its ſtead to flouriſh, it is not now neceſſary to inquire. If it is by this aſſembly conſidered as an omen or ſymbol, Heaven ſend it may prove a propitious one! Let it but point to us the path to victory! Let its myſtic influence urge us but to free our country, and every one that aſſiſts ſhall be honoured with a crown of its leaves!'

The ſpirit emanating from this aſſembly ſoon pervaded the whole country. The ardent Hungarians flew to arms.—

No longer did the idea prevail of placing any reliance on foreign powers: indeed Ferdinand ſoon convinced his friends of the impolicy and dangerous tendency of ſuch a meaſure. All ranks of people exhibited innate activity.—Preſburg was ſurrounded, and the tyrant trembled upon his uſurped throne. The moment in which victory was declared in favour of the confederates, was the laſt of the houſe of Leopold. Finding that his forces were conquered, and that they fled on every ſide, he ſought refuge in his palace, where he was purſued by the avenging angel, and where, frantic with rage, he expired, at the very period that the citizens threw open their gates to their great deliverers. He expired, let it be repeated, a few moments after he had polluted the crown of Hungary, by placing it on his brows.

The imperial Joſeph, the repreſentative of a long race of monarchs, was ſoon after hailed as the ſaviour of his country. Peace was reſtored to the empire; and Ferdinand, with his brave aſſociates, conſidered as the guardian heroes of the Hungarians

(To be concluded in our next.)

An Account of the Amount of the Bank of England Notes in Circulation, on an Average of every three Months, from the 25th of December, 1796, to the 25th of December, 1800; diſtinguiſhing the Amount of Notes below the Value of Five Pounds.

Amount of Bank of England Notes of Five Pounds each, and upwards, including Bank Poſt-Bills, ſeven Days after Sight.

1797.

FROM 25 Dec. to 25 March	10,163,200
March to 25 June	10,113,030
June to 25 Sept.	9,762,130
Sept. to 25 Dec.	10,411,700

1798

From 25 Dec. to 25 March	11,385,180
March to 25 June	11,290,610
June to 25 Sept.	10,294,150
Sept. to 25 March	10,711,690

1799.

From 25 Dec. to 25 March	11,545,210
March to 25 June	12,118,690
June to 25 Sept.	12,155,300
Sept. to 25 March	11,335,920

1800.

From 25 Dec. to 25 March	13,433,420
March to 25 June	13,490,720
June to 25 Sept.	13,374,870
Sept. to 25 Dec.	13,788,670

Amount of Bank of England Notes of Two Pounds, and One Pound each.

1797.

From 25 Dec. to 25 March	286,520
March to 25 June	990,850
June to 25 Sept.	1,066,750
Sept. to 25 Dec.	1,230,700

1798.

From 25 Dec. to 25 March	1,668,300
March to 25 June	1,933,830
June to Sept.	1,811,400
Sept. to Dec.	1,730,320

1799.

From 25 Dec. to 25 March	1,627,250
March to 25 June	1,601,570
June to 25 Sept.	1,604,580
Sept. to 25 Dec.	1,671,040

1800.

From 25 Dec. to 25 March	1,686,640
March to 25 June	1,721,800
June to 25 Sept.	1,855,540
Sept. to 25 Dec.	2,062,300

Amount of Bank of England Notes of Five Pounds each, and upwards, including Bank Poſt Bills, payable ſeven Days after Sight.

	1801.	1802.
25 January	13,373,030	12,986,470
April	13,741,620	14,591,360
July	13,109,660	14,697,150
October	13,593,100	13,396,930

Amount of Bank of England Notes of Two Pounds and One Pound each.

	1801.	1802.
25 January	2,541,100	2,816,790
April	2,801,540	2,999,500
July	2,668,670	3,232,940
October	2,849,420	3,496,620

Amount of Bank of England Notes of Five Pounds each, and upwards, including Bank Poſt Bills, payable ſeven Days after Sight.

1803.

On January 25	13,408,120
February 25	12,117,080

March

On March 25	12,058,500
April 25	13,051,280
May 25	12,594,860
June 25	12,345,470
July 25	13,565,130
August 25	12,531,150
September 25	11,937,470
October 25	12,800,310
November 25	13,502,690
December 25	12,878,020

Amount of Bank of England Notes of Two Pounds, and One Pound each.

On January 25	3,276,870
February 25	3,208,000
March 25	3,153,790
April 25	3,265,260
May 25	3,281,100
June 25	3,268,690
July 25	3,688,970
August 25	3,920,030
September 25	4,017,610
October 25	4,371,620
November 25	4,429,240
December 25	4,504,160

Amount of Bank of England Notes of Five Pounds each, and upwards, including Bank Post Bills, payable seven Days after Sight.

1804.

On January 25	13,049,940
February 25	12,890,360
March 25	12,542,660
April 25	13,736,730
May 25	13,276,110

Amount of Bank of England Notes of Two Pounds, and One Pound each.

On January 25	4,711,150
February 25	4,686,980
March 25	4,650,820
April 25	4,774,850
May 25	4,644,340

Observations on some Traces of the Savage State among Polished Nations, and Particulars relative to the District of Saterland. By Dr. J. L. Moreau (de la Sarthe).

AMONG the curious facts and interesting results found in the best voyages and travels, the philosophic reader must remark with surprise those great differences of civilization, those contrasts of barbarism and a polished state, under the same degree of latitude, in the same empire, and sometimes in the same province. In France, dreary heaths, lands covered with thorns and briars, extend to the very gates of Nantes, one of its finest cities, and at the sight of this opposition, the beholder is obliged to confess, with Arthur Young, that the opulence of the French towns has no connection with the prosperity of the country.

Various towns of the same province present a still more striking contrast; and their inhabitants are as different from the peasants of Lower Bretagne as from the Hottentots or Hurons, with regard to understanding and civilization. In the country, in general, the lower classes present to the eye of the observer small half civilized tribes, which retain almost all the customs peculiar to the early periods of social life.

Every thing belonging to the ordinary arts of life exhibits, even still more generally, examples of these great differences in the developement of perfectibility in the same nation. Thus in almost every part of the country, the peasant, though not poor, neither knows how to feed nor to clothe himself; he does not even fully enjoy air and light; and his habitation, somewhat more regular, indeed, than the shed of the Otaheitan, is almost as inconvenient as the smoky hut of the Laplander or Samoyede.

Here men and all the domestic animals are frequently crowded in the same apartment, which receives light only by the door, as I have observed in several villages of Poitou and Bretagne; and in general rural architecture has made so little progress in France, that there is little reason to wonder that epidemic and contagious diseases are not more frequent and destructive.

Even in the towns, the benefits of civilization are confined to the higher orders of society, and reach the lower by very slow steps. At Paris, for instance, there is a particular variety of the human species, who regard vaccination, lightning rods, inoculation, and economical soups, as audacious innovations; and in many, middle as well as lower,

lower, mothers, who never heard of Rouſſeau, continue, in ſpite of the illumination and philoſophy of the 19th century, to ſhackle and ſtifle their children out of exceſſive tenderneſs, or, without fear, without remorſe, and almoſt without motive, deliver them up to the care of hireling nurſes.

It may, therefore, be aſſerted, in a general manner, that the common people participate but very ſlowly in the progreſs and advantages of the developement of perfectibility; that they long retain numerous veſtiges of ancient barbariſm, and that they are many ages behind the more unfortunate and more enlightened claſſes in civilization and intelligence. Theſe differences are always more ſtriking in remote provinces, and in ſmall territories bounded and reſtricted in their communications by phyſical and moral cauſes. A greater number of ſmall countries which are in this predicament, might be mentioned; and it may be proved, that even in Europe, and in the midſt of the moſt poliſhed empires, there exiſt countries whoſe inhabitants are ſtill in a kind of ſocial infancy, or who, preſerving their ancient habits, may be conſidered as living monuments, the obſervation of which affords information not leſs important to hiſtory than thoſe derived from the moſt celebrated ruins and antiquities. Thus the inhabitants of Lower Bretagne have ſcarcely changed for ſeveral centuries, and ſtill retain the language and cuſtoms of the little colony which left the duchy of Cornwall, and took refuge on the coaſts of France. Their ancient manners and idiom keep them inſulated, and have hitherto proved an inſurmountable obſtacle to improvement and to all communication. A peaſant of Lower Bretagne, placed all at once in the midſt of one of the great towns of France, would be as much aſtoniſhed and embarraſſed as an Huron or an Iroquois. A ſingular inſtance of the truth of this aſſertion occurred a few yeas ago. A young peaſant of Lower Bretagne was carried off by ſome adventurers, who exhibited him at Paris as a man of the woods. He was treated very ill, and made to faſt a long time, that he might devour raw meat with the more avidity, and the better act the part of a ſavage. Some officers from the ſame part of the country happened to recognize the unfortunate youth, reſtored him to liberty, and procured the puniſhment of his unprincipled keepers.

I have been informed that in the vicinity of Hamp, on the ſummit of the Voſges, there exiſts in the midſt of a foreſt a ſmall ſociety, the individuals of which are uncommonly handſome, and are the genuine deſcendants of the Gauls. They live perfectly inſulated, and ſcarcely knew, a few years ſince, that any revolution had taken place in France.

The articles manners, marriage, and medicine, in the ſtatiſtical account of the department of Deux Sevres, by mr. Dupin, might eaſily be taken for chapters of travels in diſtant regions, in which are deſcribed the manners of men ſcarcely arrived at the commencement of civilization.

'The peaſants of the department of Deux Sevres (ſays the author juſt mentioned) never ſend for a phyſician excepting in deſperate caſes. They have faith in ſorcery. A ſickneſs is a ſpell which has been put upon them, and they apply to the cunning man for relief.

'External diſorders are cured by the touch. If a peaſant ſtrains his ancle, the toucher is ſent for; he provides himſelf with a hatchet, and ſtrikes a furious blow on the ground between the legs of the patient. He has killed the cat, and the peaſant is cured; for it was an inviſible cat which had faſtened on the poor fellow's leg, and cauſed him ſo much pain. The peaſant has the ſame prejudices with reſpect to his cattle; being convinced that the illneſs has been occaſioned by witchcraft, he applies to a conjuror to counteract its effect: the cunning man poſſeſſes all his confidence, and the veterinary practitioner is diſmiſſed.'

The marriages uſually take place in autumn, and the formalities obſerved on theſe occaſions are very ſingular.

After ſome of them have been performed,

formed, the bride goes to the guests, and receives from each a kiss and a piece of money. After breakfast they prepare to go to church; but before she sets off, or by the way, the bride drops a few tears of etiquette. After the conclusion of the ceremony, her young companions present her with an enormous nosegay, at the same time singing a song, which has undergone no variation for three hundred years, and in which all the difficulties she will meet with in house-keeping are enumerated. The remainder of the day, part of the night, and the succeeding day, are employed in practices equally absurd, and which would powerfully attract attention if we were to meet with them among savage nations.

According to Brydone, the religious ceremonies, and especially those relative to marriage, are extremely ancient, and truly barbarous, in the wild and mountainous parts of Sicily. Thus, when the nuptual benediction is pronounced, two of the company put into the mouths of the new-married couple two great spoonfuls of honey, and then throw over them a handful of corn, in allusion of the sweetness of the conjugal union, and the fecundity of the youthful couple. The bride and the bridegroom must not touch the victuals prepared for the occasion; but when the repast is almost finished, one of the nearest relations of the female presents a bone to the husband, saying, 'Gnaw this bone, for you have taken one which will be much more difficult to digest.' They avoid marrying in the month of May, such unions being accounted extremely unlucky.

Customs still more extraordinary and still more barbarous are found among the English, who so proudly boast of their high state of civilization. Thus, in the county of Cardigan, if a young man wishes to marry, he goes to bed to his sweetheart, to explain his intentions. They have the little marriage and the great one. The former is only by way of trial. If it should not succeed, the female returns to her friends, and finds another husband as easily as if she had not been married.

In the island of Portland, girls are never married till they are pregnant, and this custom has not yet been destroyed by the influence of religion.—If a young man and a woman have for some time maintained a barren connection, it is supposed that Providence has not destined them for each other.—The female preserves her reputation, and makes trial of other lovers till the moment she becomes a mother, and contracts a solid and indissoluble union.

In some parts of Ireland and Scotland, but particularly the Hebrides, other customs and singularities are observed, which prove that the barbarism of the early periods of civilization may be studied and discovered amidst the most polished nations. We shall conclude these reflections with a few details relative to a small district, forgotten in almost every map and overlooked by almost all geographers.

This country, the small canton of Saterland, which was recently visited by the rev. mr. Hoche, of Ronninghausen, who has furnished copious details respecting it in his tour through Saterland, East Friesland and Groningen, printed in the German language at Bremen, is inclosed between two small rivers, the Oh and the Marka, and it is surrounded on every side by marshes and heaths. It is fifteen miles in length, and six in breadth. A learned society, not more than fifty miles from the spot, had not, previous to the appearance of this publication, any idea of its existence.

According to the traveller to whom we are indebted for these details, the inhabitants of this country are descendants of some emigrants from Friesland, who abandoned that country in the ninth century, on occasion of the bloody conversion of the natives to christianity by Pepin and Charlemagne.

This tribe is divided among six villages, forming three parishes, dependant on the bishop of Munster. The language of the country is the ancient dialect of Friesland. The inhabitants reckon the time by nights, and have

retained

retained several other customs of the ancient Germans. They pay no impoſts, and occupy themſelves in hunting and fiſhing. They are tolerant, and exerciſe hoſpitality with great willingneſs and diſintereſtedneſs.

The women, as among all thoſe nations in which civilization has made but little progreſs, are kept in a kind of ſlavery, and are obliged to perform the moſt ſevere duties. The men employ themſelves in the chace, and ſometimes make long voyages in their boats.—The venereal diſeaſe has not yet penetrated into this little canton: the ſmall-pox is very mild, and the people are ſtrangers to phyſicians.

The country contains no poor; the burgomaſters furniſh the indigent, who are few in number, with the means of exiſtence, and widows and orphans every where find friends and protectors.

The natives of Saterland intermarry only among themſelves, and never till they have attained their full vigour, which has doubtleſs contributed to the very remarkable beauty of their perſons. They have many ancient popular ſongs, the tunes of which are not without merit. They are uncommonly fond of a ſtory, of which the following is an outline: A young and beautiful female accompanied her father to Embden, where ſhe ſaw a captain of a ſhip, who inſpired her heart with the moſt violent paſſion. She embarked and accompanied him in the dreſs of a ſailor. The inhabitants of Saterland, meanwhile, ſhared in the exceſſive grief of the father for her loſs. The diſguiſed lover makes ſeven voyages to India, is ſtill a prey to her paſſion, and is always unfortunate in her innocent endeavours to diſcloſe it. At length ſhe has an opportunity of ſaving the life of her beloved, who diſcovers and marries her.

Much of dr. Hoche's information was furniſhed by Henry Wilmſen, a venerable old man of eighty-nine years, whoſe underſtanding and experience are juſtly appreciated by all his countrymen. I ſhall here terminate theſe conſiderations and reſearches, hoping they may be continued by ſome more able, philoſophic obſerver.

Experience has doubtleſs ſufficiently convinced us that it is dangerous to introduce too ſuddenly the illumination of reaſon and philoſophy among the lower orders of mankind. But might not the people be rendered more happy without enlightening them too ſuddenly? Could not the traces of barbariſm, and of a ſavage ſtate which ſtill exiſt among the moſt poliſhed nations, be more rapidly eraſed? Could not the bleſſings of civilization be thus more uniformly diſtributed; and by gradually introducing among the inhabitants of the country thoſe advantages which the progreſs of knowledge impart, might not the interval which ſeparates them from the poliſhed and happy portion of the nation be filled up?

The Hermiteſs of North Salem.

New-York, Nov. 23.

THE following account of a ſingular character, now reſiding in the neighbourhood of Salem, in Dutcheſs County, in this ſtate, is from the *Political Barometer*, printed at Poughkeepſie; communicated, as the editor declares, from authority ſo reſpectable as admits not a doubt of its perfect correctneſs.

'When the train of human events appears to deviate from its wonted courſe, and becomes productive of characters altogether new and unexampled, it has a claim on the world to be perpetuated.

'An inſtance of this kind, where nature has appeared ſurpriſingly to wander from its wonted operations, is diſplayed in the character and manner of life exhibited by a certain female in the vicinity of this town. We often hear of men, from various motives, preſerving a life of ſolitude in ſome gloomy cavern of the earth; but to find one of the fair ſex immured in a cave, wholly ſecluded from human ſociety, is a true phenomenon.

'Acquainted with all their delicacy of body, their natural timidity of mind, their loquacity of temper, and their inordinate love of ſeeing and being

ſeen;

seen; to find them forsaking all human society for the dreary haunts of savage beasts, appears, when related, too romantic to gain belief. Yet the reader may rely on the sequel, as a simple narrative of facts.

'Sarah Bishop, (for this was the name of this hermitess) is a person of about fifty years of age. About thirty years ago, she was a lady of considerable beauty, a competent share of mental endowments, and education; she was possessed of a handsome fortune, but she was of a tender and delicate constitution, and enjoyed but a low degree of health, and could be hardly comfortable without constant recourse to medicine and careful attendance, and was often heard to say, that she had no dread of any animal on earth but man. Disgusted with them and consequently with the world, about twenty-three years ago she withdrew herself from all human society, and in the bloom of life resorted to the mountains, which divide Salem from North Salem; where she has spent her days to the present time, in a cave, or rather cleft of the rock, withdrawn from the society of every living creature. Yesterday, in company with the two captains Smith of this town, I went into the mountains to visit this surprising hermitess; a just portrait of which is contained in the following lines:—

'As you pass the southern and most elevated ridge of the mountain, and begin to descend the southern steep, you meet with a perpendicular descent of a rock of about ten feet, in the front of which is this cave. At the foot of this rock is a gentle descent of rich and fertile ground, extending about ten rods, when it instantly forms a frightful precipice, descending about half a mile to the pond, known by the name of Long Pond.

'On the right and left of this fertile ground, the mountain rises in cliffs, and almost encloses it, being a square of about one half acre. In the front of the rock on the north, where the cave is, and level with the ground, there appears to be a large frustrum of the rock, of a double fathom size, thrown out of the rock by some unknown convulsion of nature, and lies in front of the cavity from whence it was rent, partly enclosing the mouth, and forming a room of the same dimensions with the frustrum itself; the rock is left entire above, and forms the roof of this humble mansion.

'This cavity is the habitation of this hermitess, in which she has spent twenty-three of her best years, self-excluded from all human society. She keeps no domesticated animal, not even a fowl, a cat, or a dog. Her little plantation, consisting of one half acre, is cleared of its wood, and reduced to grass; but she makes little use of it, excepting that she has raised a few peach trees on it, and she plants yearly a few hills of beans, cucumbers, and potatoes. The whole plot is surrounded with a luxuriant growth of grape vines, which overspread all the surrounding wood, and produce grapes in the greatest abundance. On the opposite side of this little tenement, or cave, is a fine fountain of excellent water, which issues from the side of the mountain, and loses itself in this little place.

'At this fountain we found the wonderful woman, whose appearance it is a little difficult to describe; indeed, like nature in its first state, she was without form; that is, she appeared in no form or position I had ever seen before; her dress appeared little else but one confused and shapeless mass of rags, patched together without any order, which obscured any human shape, excepting her head, which was clothed with a luxuriance of lank grey hair, depending on every side, just as nature and time had formed it, wholly devoid of any artificial covering or ornament.

'When she had discovered our approach, she exhibited the appearance of any other wild or timid animal.—She started, looked wild, hastened with the utmost precipitation to her cave, which she entered, and barricaded the entrance with old shells which she pulled from the decayed trees. To this humble mansion we approached, and after some conversation with her, we obtained liberty to remove the pallisades, and look in; for we were not able to enter, the

room

room being only ſufficient to accommodate a ſingle perſon. We converſed with her for ſome conſiderable time, found her to be of a ſound mind, a religious turn of thought, and to be entirely happy and contented with the ſituation: of this ſhe has given to others repeated demonſtration, who have in vain ſolicited her to quit this dreary abode. We ſaw no utenſil, either for labour or cookery, excepting an old pewter baſon, and a gourd-ſhell; no bed but the ſolid rock, unleſs it were a few old rags, ſcattered here and there upon it; no bed clothes of any kind; nor the leaſt appearance of any ſort of food, and no fire.

'She had, indeed, a place in one corner of her cell, where ſhe kindles a fire at times; but it does not appear that any fire has been kindled there this ſpring. To confirm this opinion, a gentleman ſays that he paſſed her cell five or ſix days after the great fall of ſnow in the beginning of March laſt, that ſhe had no fire then, and had not been out of her cave ſince the ſnow had fallen. How ſhe ſubſiſts during the ſevere ſeaſons, is yet a myſtery. She ſays ſhe eats but little fleſh of any kind; and it is impoſſible to imagine how ſhe is ſupported through the winter ſeaſon. In the ſummer ſhe ſubſiſts on the berries, nuts, and roots, which the mountains afford. It may be that ſhe ſecretes her winter ſtore in ſome other fiſſure in the rock, more convenient for that purpoſe than the cell ſhe inhabits.

'She keeps a bible with her, and ſays ſhe takes much ſatisfaction, and ſpends much time in reading in it, and meditating therein. It may be this woman is a ſincere worſhipper of God; if ſo, ſhe is yet more rich, wiſe, and happy, than thouſands in affluence and honour, who behold her with aſtoniſhment and ſcorn. At any rate, from this humble, yet aſtoniſhing page of human nature, we read a moſt intereſting lecture on the human heart. It was the peculiar ſtate of this woman's heart which drove her to forſake the ſociety of man, and led her to this ſolitary manſion. The peculiar reliſh of the human heart will embrace ſolitude, diſhonour, deformity, and death itſelf for happineſs, whilſt its antipathies can embitter a paradiſe of joy. Reaſon has no power againſt its influence; it is not the energy of ſcience, but a heart forced to a wiſe, decent, and uſeful life, that muſt regenerate the world.'

Directions to Gaolers for Priſoners on Trial.

NOT more than half a dozen to be brought into the court at one time.—Their heads to be combed and ſhaved.—Their faces and hands to be waſhed; ſoap allowed for it.—Their feet to be waſhed in ſalted water.

The above rules are worthy attending to, particularly at this time, as the lent aſſizes are ſo nearly at hand; and at this period of the year the fevers of the putreſcent tribe are generally more prevalent. The directions are plain and ſimple, but ſufficiently efficacious for the purpoſe. The ineſtimable value of the lives of judges, magiſtrates, and counſellors, of this kingdom, at all times, to the public, calls forth the aid and arm of protection from every good ſubject and every good chriſtian, jew, or mahometan; and as ſuch, I wiſh the inſertion of the above ſhort document in your extenſive and uſeful monthly publication, from a medical friend. A.

Curious Remarks on the various Diſeaſes to which Mankind are Subject.

THE ingenious dr. Adair made the following curious and intereſting remarks on the ſhortneſs of human life.

Of one thouſand perſons, twenty-three die in the birth; two hundred and twenty-ſeven from teething, convulſions, and worms; eighty from ſmall-pox; ſeven in the meaſles; eight women in childbed; one hundred and ninety-one of conſumptions, aſthma, and other diſeaſes of the breaſt; one hundred and fifty of fevers; twelve of apoplexy and lethargy; and forty-one of dropſy; omitting other diſeaſes not ſo well aſcertained: ſo that only ſeventy-eight of one thouſand attain what may be deemed old age.

Or,

Or, if the reader chooſes to take it in another point of view: of one thouſand perſons, two hundred and ſixty die within the firſt year; eight in the ſecond; forty in the third; twenty-four in the fourth: and within the firſt eight years of life, four hundred and forty-ſix, or almoſt one half the number, are cut off by premature death.

Sickly years are from one in four, to one in ſix or ſeven, to the healthy.—December, January, and April, are, from obſervation, found to be the moſt ſickly months, and June the moſt healthy. January is to June as eleven to one.

Longevity.

THAT inſtances of longevity are not ſo rare in modern times as it is uſually imagined, the ſubjoined liſt, collected from various ſources, is a proof. That we might not ſwell it to an inconvenient length, none have been inſerted who have not attained the 130th year, or whoſe longevity does not appear to be well atteſted. The date affixed to each name is the year in which each perſon died, when that has been aſcertained; or when not, the lateſt year in which each is known to have lived.

Year.		*Age.*
1795	David Cameron	130
1766	John de la Somel	130
1766	George King	130
1767	John Taylor	130
1774	William Beatie	130
1778	John Watſon	130
1786	Robert Macbride	130
——	William Ellis	130
1764	Elizabeth Taylor	131
1775	Peter Garden	130
1761	Eliz. Merchant	131
1772	Mrs. Keith	131
1767	Francis Agne	134
1777	John Brooke	134
1744	Jane Harriſon	135
1759	James Shiele	136
1768	Catharine Noon	136
1771	Margaret Forſter	136
1772	John Richardſon	137
1793	—— Robertſon	137
1757	William Sharpley	138
1768	John M'Donough	138
1770	—— Fairbrother	138
1772	Mrs. Clum	138
1766	Thomas Dobſon	139
1785	Mary Cameron	139
1752	William Lalande	140
——	Counteſs Deſmond	140
1776	James Sands	140
1773	Swarling, a monk	142
1773	Charles M'Findlay	143
1757	John Effingham	144
1782	Evan Williams	145
1766	Thomas Winſloe	146
1752	William Mead	148
1768	Francis Conſir	150
1542	Thomas Newman	151
1635	Thomas Parr	152
1656	James Bowles	152
——	Henry Weſt	162
1648	Thomas Damme	154
1762	A Poliſh peaſant	157
1797	Joſeph Surrington	160
1668	Wm. Edwards	168
1670	Henry Jenkins	169
1782	Louiſa Truxo	173

To theſe may be added, a mulatto man who died in 1797, in Fredericktown, North America, and who was ſaid to be 180 years old.

In *The County Chronicle*, of Dec. 13, 1791, a paragraph was inſerted, which ſtated, that Thomas Carn, according to the pariſh regiſter of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, died the 28th of January, 1588, aged 207. This is an inſtance of longevity ſo far exceeding any other on record, that one is diſpoſed to ſuſpect ſome miſtake either in the regiſter or the extract.

Popular Superſtitions.

ST. PAUL'S DAY.

IF St. Paul's day happen to be unclouded, and without rain, it is looked upon as an omen of the following year's ſucceſs; if otherwiſe, that the year will be unfortunate. Thus the old verſe

Clara dies *Pauli*, bona tempora denotat anni,
Si fuerint venti, denarrant prælia genti,
Si nix aut pluviæ, pereunt animalia quæque.

The interpretation of which is very well known to be this:

If St. Paul's day be fair and clear,
It doth betide a happy year;
If blustering winds do blow aloft,
Then wars will trouble our realm full oft.
And if chance to snow or rain,
Then will be dear all sorts of grain.

ST. SWITHIN.

SWITHIN, a holy bishop of Winchester, about the year 860, and called the weeping St. Swithin, for that about his feast, Præsepe and Aselli, rainy constellations arise cosmically, and commonly cause rain.—Blount in Verbo.

ACHS AND CORNS.

THERE is nothing superstitious in the prognostications of weather, from *achs* and *corns*. *Achs* and *corns*, says the great philosopher, Bacon, do *engrieve* (i. e. *afflict*) either towards *rain* or *frost*. The *one* makes the *humours* to *abound more*, and the other makes them *sharper*.

HOUSE-LEEK.

IT it common, in the north of England, to plant the herb *house-leek*, upon the tops of cottage-houses. The learned author of the Vulgar Errors, informs us, that it was an ancient superstition, and this herb was planted on the tops of houses as a defensative against lightning and thunder. Quincunx 126.

HIGHLANDER.

A HIGHLANDER, says mr. Pennant, never begins any thing of consequence on the *day* of the *week*, on which the *third* of *May falls*, which he calls the *dismal day*.

WEATHER-COCKS.

VANES, on the tops of steeples, were anciently in the form of a cock, (called from hence *weather-cocks*) and put up in papal times to remind the clergy of *watchfulness*. 'In summitate Crucis, quæ Campanario vulgo imponitur, *Galli Gallinacea* effingi solet *Figura*, quæ Ecclesiarum Rectores Vigilantiæ admoneat.' Du Cange. Glos.

SWALLOWS.

IT is accounted unlucky to destroy *swallows*:—This is probably a pagan relique. We read, in Ælian, that these birds were sacred to the *Penates*, or household gods of the ancients, and therefore were preserved. They were honoured anciently as the *nuncios* of the spring. The Rhodians are said to have had a solemn anniversary song, to welcome in the swallow. Anacreon addressed his tenth ode to this bird, and the following is an elegant translation of it by mr. Thomas Moore, from whom we see a work called the 'Philosophy of Pleasure,' which we are pleased and proud to say, having read a part, will entitle him to the appellation of the British Anacreon.

ODE.

Tell me how to punish thee,
For the mischief done to me?
Silly swallow! prating thing,
Shall I clip that wheeling wing?
*Or, as Tereus did of old,
(So the fable tale is told)
Shall I tear that tongue away,
Tongue that utter'd such a lay
How unthinking hast thou been!
Long before the dawn was seen,
When I slumber'd in a dream,
(Love was the delicious theme!)
Just when I was nearly blest,
Ah! thy matin broke my rest!

ROBIN REDBREASTS.

MR. ADDISON supposes the popular ballad of the *Babes in the Wood* to have preserved the lives of many *Robin Redbreasts*. The subsequent stanza places them in a very favourable point of view:

'No burial this pretty pair,
'Of any man receives,
'' Till Robin Redbreast, painfully,
'Did cover them with leaves.'

Vide Percy's Collect. Ballads.

SPITTING.

Spitting, according to Pliny, was superstitiously observed in *averting witchcraft*, and in *giving a shrewder blow* to an enemy. Hence seems to be derived the custom our *bruisers* have, of spitting in their hands, before they begin their

NOTE.

** Or as Tereus did of old, &c. Modern poetry has confirmed the name of Philomel upon the nightingale, but many very respectable ancients assigned this metamorphose to Progne, and made Philomel the swallow, as Anacreon does here.*

unmanly

unmanly barbarity. Several other veſtiges of the ſuperſtition relative to *faſting ſpittle*, (faſcinationes *ſaliva jajuna* repelle, veteri ſuperſtitione creditum eſt. Alex. ab Alex.) mentioned alſo in Pliny, may yet be traced among our vulgar. Boys have a cuſtom (inter ſe) of *ſpitting* their faith, when required to make aſſeverations in a matter of conſequence. In *combinations* of the *colliers*, &c. in England, for the purpoſe of raiſing their wages, they are ſaid to *ſpit upon a ſtone together*, by way of cementing their *confederacy*. We have too a kind of popular ſaying, when perſons are of the ſame party, or agree in ſentiments, '*they ſpit upon the ſame ſtone.*'

CHECQUERS.

THE chequers, ſome ages back, a common ſign of a public-houſe, was originally intended for a kind of *draught board*, called tables, and ſhewed that there that game might be played.—From their colour, which was red, and the ſimilarity to a *lattice*, it was corruptly called the *Red Lattice*, which word is frequently uſed by ancient writers to ſignify an ale-houſe.

(To be occaſionally continued.)

A Foreſt Adventure. From Gilpin's Remarks on Foreſt Scenery.

A MILE farther brought us to the ſeat of colonel Mitford, among the woods of Uxbury. The houſe is no object: but the ſcenery conſiſts of a more beautiful profuſion of wood, water, and varied grounds than is commonly to be met with. Here we propoſed to ſpend the evening; but not finding colonel Mitford at home, we took a ramble into his woods, till ſupper, where we expected to meet him.

The richneſs of the ſcenes had led us imperceptibly from one to another. We had every where inſtances of the beauty of trees as *individuals*—as uniting in *clumps*—and as ſpreading into *woods*; for all here is pure nature: and, as they were beginning now to put on their autumnal attire, we were entertained with the beauties of *colouring* as well as of *form*. Among theſe unknown woods, our way, at length, became perplexed; and the ſun was now ſet. Having no time, therefore, to loſe, we enquired at a lonely cottage, which we found in a ſheltered glade. Nothing could indicate peace and happineſs more, than this little ſequeſtered ſpot: and we expected to find a neat, peaceful, contented family within. But we found that a happy ſcene will not always make happy inhabitants. At the door ſtood two or three ſqualid children, with eager, famiſhed countenances, ſtaring through matted hair. On entering the hovel, it was ſo dark, that we could, at firſt, ſee nothing. By degrees a ſcene of miſery opened. We ſaw other ragged children within; and were ſoon ſtruck with a female figure, groveling at full length, by the ſide of a few embers, upon the hearth. Her arms were naked to her ſhoulders, and her rags ſcarce covered her body. On our ſpeaking to her, ſhe uttered, in return, a mixture of obſcenity and imprecations. We had never ſeen ſo deplorable a maniac.

We had not obſerved, when we entered, what now ſtruck us, a man ſitting in a corner of the hovel, with his arms folded, and a look of dejection, as if loſt in deſpair. We aſked him who that wretched perſon was? She is my wife, ſaid he, with a compoſed melancholy; and the mother of theſe children. He ſeemed to be a man of great ſenſibility; and it ſtruck us what diſtreſs he muſt feel every evening, after his labour, when, inſtead of finding a little domeſtic comfort, he met the miſery, and horror of ſuch a houſe—the total neglect of his little affairs—his family without any overſeer, brought up in idleneſs and dirt—and his wife, for whom he had no means of providing either aſſiſtance, or cure, lying ſo wretched an object always before him.—We left him ſtrongly impreſſed with his calamity; which appeared to be a more ſevere viſitation than the hand of heaven commonly inflicts.

We found afterwards, that we had been wholly miſtaken; and that we had before us a ſtrong inſtance of that

ſtrange

ſtrange fatality, by which mankind are ſo often themſelves the miniſters of thoſe diſtreſſes, which they are ſo ready to aſcribe to heaven. On relating our adventure at ſupper, we were informed, that the man, whoſe appearance of ſenſibility had affected us ſo much, was one of the moſt hardened, abandoned, miſchievous fellows in the country—that he had been detected in ſheep-ſtealing—and that he had killed a neighbour's horſe in an act of revenge—and that it was ſuppoſed, he had given his wife, who was infamous likewiſe, a blow in a quarrel, which had occaſioned her malady!

Bonaparte's Letter to the King of Great Britain.

MONITEURS to the 6th of February were lately received, containing the following important communication to the legiſlative body, reſpecting the recent pacific overture made to, and the anſwer returned by our government.

Legiſlative Body.

SITTING OF THE 15TH PLUVIOSE, FEB. 4.

The counſellors of ſtate, Segur, Beguen, and Deſoles, communicated in the name of the emperor a letter which his majeſty has written to the king of England, and containing overtures of peace.

'SIR AND BROTHER *(Monſieur mon Frere)*.

'Called to the throne of France by Providence, and by the ſuffrages of the people, and by the army, my firſt ſentiment is a wiſh for peace. France and England abuſe their proſperity—They may contend for ages; but do their governments well fulfill the moſt ſacred of their duties? and will not ſo much blood ſhed uſeleſsly, and without a view to any end, accuſe them in their own conſciences? I conſider it as no diſgrace to make the firſt ſtep. I have, I hope, ſufficiently proved to the world that I fear none of the chances of war—it beſides preſents nothing that I need to fear. Peace is the wiſh of my heart, but war has never been contrary to my glory. I conjure your majeſty not to deny yourſelf the happineſs of giving peace to the world, nor to leave that ſweet ſatisfaction to your children; for, in fine, there never was a more favourable opportunity, nor a moment more favourable to ſilence all the paſſions, and to liſten only to the ſentiments of humanity and reaſon. This moment once loſt, what period can be aſſigned to a war which all my efforts will not be able to terminate?—Your majeſty has gained more within this ten years, both in territory and riches, than the whole extent of Europe—your nation is at the higheſt point of proſperity—what can it hope from war?—To form a coalition of ſome powers of the continent?—The continent will remain tranquil; a coalition can only increaſe the preponderance and continental greatneſs of France.—The time is paſt for renewing internal troubles?—To deſtroy our finances?—Finances founded on flouriſhing culture can never be deſtroyed.—To take from France her colonies?—The colonies are to France only a ſecondary object? and does not your majeſty already poſſeſs more than you know how to preſerve? If your majeſty would but reflect, you muſt perceive, that the war is without an object—without any preſumable reſult to yourſelf—Alas! what a melancholy proſpect to cauſe two nations to fight for the ſake of fighting!—The world is ſufficiently large for our two nations to live in, and reaſon ſufficiently powerful to diſcover the means of reconcileing every thing when the wiſh for reconciliation exiſts on both ſides. I have, however, fulfilled a ſacred duty, and one which is precious to my heart. I truſt your majeſty will believe in the ſincerity of my ſentiments, and my wiſh to give you every proof of it.

'NAPOLEON.'

ANSWER FROM THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

M. de Segur communicated at the ſame time the following letter from lord Mulgrave to m. Talleyrand, miniſter for foreign affairs:—

'His majeſty has received the letter which

which has been addreſſed to him by the head of the French government, dated the 2d of the preſent month.—There is no object which his majeſty has more at heart than to avail himſelf of the firſt opportunity to procure again for his ſubjects the advantages of a peace, founded on a baſis, which may not be incompatible with the permanent ſecurity and eſſential intereſts of his ſtates. His majeſty is perſuaded that this end can only be attained by arrangements which may at the ſame time provide for the future ſafety and tranquillity of Europe, and prevent the recurrences of the dangers and calamities in which it is involved. Conformably to this ſentiment, his majeſty feels that it is impoſſible for him to anſwer more particularly to the overture that has been made him till he has had time to communicate with the powers of the continent with whom he is engaged in confidential connections and relations, and particularly with the emperor of Ruſſia, who has given the ſtrongeſt proofs of the wiſdom and elevation of the ſentiments with which he is animated, and the lively intereſt which he takes in the ſafety and independence of Europe.

(Signed) 'MULGRAVE.'

Reflections on the Commencement of the Year 1805.

AND is it poſſible that the year 1804 is gone, ſo lately introduced to us, and already vaniſhed?—vaniſhed never more to return; ſtrikingly emblematic of the life of man, who ſpringeth like a flower in the field, flouriſheth for a little, and droops ere it is known! So quick, ſo fleeting is human life, that the hoary head of age often trembles on the confines of the grave, without thinking he is ſo near the dread abyſs, or that his morning of youth had long ſince elapſed.

Many are the benefits which reſult from the artificial diviſion of time into particular periods; and among the moſt important, are the tendency which ſuch diviſions have on our ſerious reflections. Depraved, or thoughtleſs muſt that man be, who could behold with an eye of indifference, the concluſion of the year; who does not reflect, that perhaps, ere the expiration of another, he may be called before the dread tribunal, where wealth and titles are found as 'duſt in the balance'—where all the difference between men is in virtue; and where we ſhall be rewarded, or puniſhed, as we have ſpent our paſſing years.

How many of the widely ſcattered family of mankind have dropped into the arms of mother earth during the paſt year! Some of our deareſt friends have fallen victims to inexorable death, and ſhall we expect to be immortal! Ought we not to live as if every moment was to be our laſt? Let us then liſten to conſcience; it is the voice of God ſpeaking within us—the guide which he hath implanted in the human breaſt, and which, when obeyed, we will never have cauſe to regret the paſt year, nor dread the future.

What amazing changes have happened in human affairs in one ſhort year?—Some families have emerged from the obſcurity of indigence, to the glare and oſtentation of wealth. Others have fallen from the pinnacle of proſperity, into the lonely ſhade of poverty. We have ſeen a nation dethrone and murder their king, baniſh and deſtroy their clergy, affect the love of the human race, when neither form of government, nor religion, ſecure the neighbouring nations from the avarice or ambition of thoſe pretended, but glaringly abſurd philanthrophiſts;—we have ſeen this ſame nation governed (as a child would his play-things) by an obſcure and indigent adventurer; and in the courſe of the paſt year, crowned by the 'chief prieſt' of thoſe very clergy whom they had ſo cruelly baniſhed.

How weak—how changeable a creature is man! he knoweth not his own mind.—'Our very wiſhes give us not our wiſh;'—what one day he purſues with ardour, he turns from the next with abhorrence. Oh God! do thou vouchſafe to direct our unſtable minds; ſtrengthen us in the way to righteouſneſs, and enable us to behave, that we may live 'under the ſhadow of thy wings,'

wings,'—' when the wicked ceaſe from troubling, and the weary are at reſt.'

Newtown-Limavady.

Veluti in Speculum.

To the Editor of the Hibernian Magazine.

SIR,

AS it is become the faſhion to write *deviliſh* good things, to be *infernally* ſevere, and damned witty; and perceiving I poſſeſs all theſe qualifications, being *helliſhly* inclined to miſchief, I avail myſelf of this opportunity to preſent myſelf as a candidate for the ſituation of theatrical reporter to your magazine. I am convinced you want one very much, for I have noticed your reports are a great deal too candid, mild and favourable—they want ſalt—they are void of poignancy: look at your contemporaries! live and learn!—It is my determination to keep up with them (if poſſible) in ill-nature—I know them all; and although I may not have the pertneſs of *young Dromedary*, or the impudent ſtupidity of *old Taurus*, yet I have requiſites, as you may judge: I have an intolerable ſhare of vanity, an utter lack of feeling, and any ſtile ſhall be always in the poſitive mood—not '*we think*,' and '*we would recommend*,' and '*we have ſeen*,' or '*they do ſay*,'—no, no—none of that for me. If I chuſe to ſet myſelf up as a director of the public, telling them they ſhould damn (for praiſe is out of the queſtion)—why not at once point out my victim, and ſay, I will have it ſo! But what I boaſt of as my greateſt recommendation, is my abſtinence—abſtinence!—Yes, abſtinence!—I have lived upon vegetables for my food, and never drank any liquor ſtronger than tea theſe ſixteen years. I am therefore not to be bought to praiſe, or even be bribed to ſilence, by a *player's dinner!* No, they are *my food*, and curiouſly ſhall they be cut up for the entertainment of the public. To give you an idea of my ſkill in getting admiſſion into the play-houſe, I contrive to ſcrape ſome acquaintance with all the actors, talk to them a great deal of Barry, praiſe Moſſop, extol Garrick, and endeavour to convince them there's no theatrical merit now extant:—this (with a certain eccentricity I poſſeſs) makes me paſs for a very clever fellow; they preſs their orders, and I go in and abuſe them. Don't be aſtoniſhed—I poſitively know a ſcribbler, (who is conſiderably younger than myſelf, but who indeed can literally lay claim to a greater ſhare of braſs) regularly *paid* for abuſe.—I muſt avow I can't go ſo far as that, but I'll tell you what I can do.—The night that mr. Whiffler gives me his order, my principal attack ſhall be on mr. Ranter, and I'll diſpatch mr. Whiffler ſlightly; but the next night mr. Ranter gains me admiſſion, woe be to mr. Whiffler! The only condition I can make with you is, that any puff coming from the players themſelves ſhall not be admitted. For I am in poſſeſſion, that there would be no praiſe, if not written by the party themſelves: ſo that you can no longer wonder at '*acting ſuperior to excellence*,' '*inimitable grace*,' '*faſcinating ſweetneſs*,' '*Garrick could do no more*,' '*unrivall'd talent*,' '*exquiſitely fine*,' &c. &c. &c. Now exerciſe your judgment for a moment, and you muſt be convinced, that thoſe phraſes can only proceed from themſelves; for when abuſe is the order of the day, and when a page of ſatire is worth a ream of panegyric, who would be at the trouble of founding their praiſe! No, no—they are their own heralds, but they ſhall be diſpoſſeſſed of their trumpets when I begin! I will proclaim from one end of Erin to the other, the man that will have the temerity to wear *jewels with black*—I will not ſay throw them to the devil! I ſhall ſay, go to the devil yourſelves. Now *that's* what I call infernally witty!—If I ſee a female ſkipping lively in a part, it ſhall not be that *ſhe danc'd* about the ſtage like a milk-maid coming from a fair;—no, it ſhall be ſhe *reel'd* about the ſtage—there's a *remark of ſpirit!*

If I notice a riſing actor in poſſeſſion of a part, and no eſtabliſhed favour-

ite

ite of the town—I'll have no quere to know, if mr. Buſkin would not play it better? I will at once ſay, mr. Croaker is not only utterly unfit for that part, but any other, and condemn the audience for ſuffering him to appear at all—now that's *damn'd* ſevere. Why ſhould I aſk—who's to play Braſs?—I would move the riſible muſcles, and ſtill maintain my dogmatic principles by ſaying they are all braſs—yet they have no braſs!—There's an attic ſtroke!

Several of thoſe theatrical critics are mere impoſtors. If they are paid, they rob their employers; if not paid, they inſult the public. Sir, they want ſpirit—they don't go far enough! For inſtance, one pſeudo critic will half-damn The Confederacy—another will half-praiſe it. But, out upon this half-fac'd fellowſhip! I inſiſt upon it, ſir John Vanburgh never wrote a line of ſenſe, ſpirit, decency, or propriety in his whole life.—What do you think of that?

Now, ſir, I have ſhewn you my parts and capabilities, I hope you will not think the worſe of me for ſubſcribing myſelf A PRINTER'S DEVIL:

(Your hackney writers are no more.)

From my own lodgings, at the ſign of the dirty looking-glaſs, *Puddle-alley, near Beſpatter-lane.*

To the Editor.

SIR,

On a late tour through a part of this country, the following curious petition was handed me by the ſchoolmaſter of a village. If it is within the limits of your reſpectable magazine, by inſerting it, you will oblige the petitioner, and your conſtant reader,

JULIAN.

To the Great and Patriotic Friends of Public Liberty, &c. &c. &c.

The Humble Petition of A. Shi-Lling, Gentleman.

Humbly Sheweth,

THAT petitioner was formerly a native of England, and at an early age was ſent into this country on public buſineſs, with a great number of his brothers.

That during a hard ſervice of upwards of forty years, he had the misfortune to loſe a great number of his ſaid relatives, who were, it is ſuppoſed, either aſſaſſinated or drowned by a malicious ſet of individuals of the name of S. Ilver, S. Miths, &c. to the great regret of the better and well-meaning part of the public, who prized them as they would the apple of their eye; and to ſhew their regret for the deceaſed, publicly mourned their loſs, an honor never known to be paid any perſon, ſave a great man, a good man, or a patriot.

That petitioner and the remainder of his brothers, though overcome with grief at the loſs, ſtill endeavoured to cheer up the public, and for that purpoſe, viſited each in rotation, when the gleam of joy diffuſed by petitioner and brothers' preſence throughout the city, was ſuddenly enveloped by a cloud of villainy never inſtanced before, ſave the fate of petitioner's poor brothers. A clan of the name of N. Orth-E: Rns, envying petitioner's felicity, under pretence of friendſhip, kidnapped him into their barren mountains, and from thence conveyed him from one town to another, as a ſhowman would a dancing dog. When, after travelling many hundred miles here and there, petitioner was confined in a ſtrong tower, ſtiled by the country people, from its ſtrength, the iron tower; and in this ſad ſtate, petitioner remains, torn from all that is held dear, without the ſatisfaction of ſeeing human being, but his gaoler—if he can be called human, who often eyes petitioner with ſavage delight, takes him up between his fore-finger and thumb, and with kiſſes and careſſes attempts to ſooth him, but all in vain, as petitioner muſt ſtill pine in ſecret for that liberty he loſt.

That petitioner's friends offered a ſmall reward for the thief, but in vain; when chance at length gave petitioner an opportunity of catching the piercing eye of his gaoler's daughter, a fine girl of ſixteen, who pitying his misfortune, ſo far prevailed on her dear

papa,

papa, (as ſhe was pleaſed to call him) that he promiſed to liberate your petitioner, if petitioner's original maſter and patron pays down a round ſum to the amount of one million ſterling, to ſatisfy ſome very preſſing demands made on him, ſince petitioner came into his poſſeſſion, and which petitioner in part promiſed his ſaid former maſter would do; but petitioner's ſaid maſter reſiding in England, and not knowing the immediate neceſſity there is in relieving a diſtreſſed and faithful ſervant, who is ſuffering all the wants of a gaol, he ſolicits his great friends, (if any he has) to acquaint petitioner's ſaid patron and friend immediately, with his ſituation; and if his ſaid patron and friend ſhould require proof of the miſery he endures, by papers being put up in the different cities and towns in Ireland, ſome millions of petitioner's middling friends will ſubſcribe their names to the fact with pleaſure.

That petitioner has been informed, ſince his confinement, that a number of baſe fellows had taken his name, and to petitioner's prejudice, thought to impoſe on petitioner's friends, by falſe ſigns and *tokens*, but without ſucceſs, as petitioner's face is too well remembered by the public; nor could the artifice of the rogues the S. Ilver, S. Miths do away the impreſſion. Petitioner mentions this fact, to put the credulous on their guard againſt the alluring counterfeits of ſaid S. Ilver, S. Miths, and other deſigning perſons.

May it therefore pleaſe the great and humane, to repreſent the beforementioned facts to petitioner's former maſter, and ſolicit the ſum required by his gaoler for his delivery; as by reſtoring him to his former rank in life, they will not only ſave petitioner, but the nation in particular.

A. SHI-LLING.

Britiſh Theatrical Journal.

December 4, 1804.

MASTER Betty performed the part of *Young Norval* at Covent-garden theatre, and in a manner that confirmed the favourable opinion formed of his *Selim*.

5.] He appeared in the character of *Frederic (Lover's Vows)*, with undiminiſhed ſucceſs.

10.] Maſter Betty commenced his engagement at Drury-lane theatre, with the character of *Young Norval*, and from the prodigious crowds that beſieged the doors ſome hours before they were opened, did not appear to have loſt any portion of his attraction.

The ſame day, at Covent-garden theatre, a new opera was produced, entitled, "THIRTY THOUSAND; or, *Who's the Richeſt?*"—The characters as follow:—*Captain Foreſail*, mr. Braham; *Windmill*, mr. Fawcett; *Arable*, mr. Incledon; *Plainly*, mr. Murray; *Dubious*, mr. Blanchard; *Gangway*, mr. Munden; *Teddy*, mr. Rock; *Clump*, mr. Emery. —*Mrs. Arable*, mrs. Dibdin; *Roſanna*, ſignora Storace; *Henrica*, miſs Davies; *Mrs. Notable*, mrs. Mattocks; *Margery*, mrs. Whitmore.

The outline of the plot is founded on the ſtory of "The Will," in Edgworth's Popular Tales. A country gentleman of fortune, having had very ſtrong reaſon to ſuſpect his lady of infidelity, leaves his home ſuddenly, mortgages his eſtate to purchaſe property in India, where he reſides with a favourite female, to whom, at his death, he bequeaths his Indian poſſeſſions, and remits to England the ſum of thirty thouſand pounds, to accumulate for ſeven years, and then to be laid out in the redemption of his Engliſh eſtate, which is to be given to whoever of his three nephews ſhall prove at that period to be the RICHEST MAN—the uncle having previouſly given a thouſand pounds to each to begin the world with. —To make this diſpoſition of his property, he overlooks the claim of a daughter, whom (in conſequence of his wife's ſuppoſed infidelity) he does not conſider to be his own offſpring.

The piece opens on the day appointed to decide the claims of the rival couſins, who are characteriſtically announced by their reſpective ſervants—Clump, a country bumpkin, precedes Farmer Arable; Gangway, a blunt

ſailor,

failor, is the *avant-courier* of Captain Foresail; and Teddy, a blundering Irish valet, announces the arrival of Mr. Windmill, a man of scheme and bustle, but so full of thought and contrivance, that he is absent and inattentive to what is present on the scene. The proscribed daughter of the deceased will-maker also appears to make a claim, not for herself, but in behalf of a friend who had sheltered her and her mother in their adversity.—Farmer Arable, by straight forward industry and rectitude of conduct, seems to have acquired the most probable title to inherit the bequest of his uncle: Captain Foresail, from liberality to his friends and his ship's crew, (who draw up a whimsical round robin to subscribe a sum of money to forward his claim,) possesses merely his pay and prospect of promotion; while Windmill, from a constant system of scheming, and from his inattention to, and forgetfulness of, the present, has neglected to provide a shilling for the future. In the course of the piece, however, Foresail succeeds in his addresses to Rosanna, who is the rich ward of Old Dubious, she having deceived her lover into a belief of her being the neglected and poor daughter of the departed testator. Foresail thus unexpectedly finds himself rewarded for his disinterested affections, and by the possession of Rosanna's fortune, becomes equally entitled with Farmer Arable to demand the legacy of 30,000l. Windmill, by a lucky stroke of fortune, after the total failure of all his *own* schemes, becomes nearly on a par with his rivals, when the unexpected production of a *subsequent* will, which is brought forward by the disinterested daughter, together with proof of her mother's imagined guilt, turns the scale, divides the estate equally between the candidates; while the daughter is made heiress to her father's Indian possessions, and is united in marriage to her cousin Windmill. The other characters are Plainly and Dubious, joint executors of the will—one a lawyer, of the honest disposition his name imports, and the other, an old humourist, who 'suspects every body, and believes nothing unless he sees it.' Mrs. Arable is wife to the farmer; a bustling woman, fond of home and economy. Mrs. Notable is housekeeper at the family mansion which belongs to the prize estate.

From this story, mr. T. Dibdin, the author of many popular pieces, has produced an opera, which is less to be considered in a dramatic point of view, than as a vehicle for the charms of musical composition. The vein of the author for temporary allusions, puns, and playing upon words, is easily discoverable in this effort; but in plot, incident, interest, and character, this certainly is inferior to most of his other dramas.

The music is the joint production of messrs. Braham, Davy, and Reeve; and to the lovers of simple, rich, and melodious airs, and of spirited and interesting execution, affords a delightful treat.

Some marks of disapprobation were discoverable towards the close of the last act; but the piece was given out for a second representation without any serious opposition, and has been since performed several times with applause.

12.] A young lady (said to be a miss Mitchell) from the York theatre, made her appearance at Covent-garden, as *Amanthis*, in *The Child of Nature*. She was received with some applause; but does not appear likely to become a prominent actress in parts of that description.

15.] Master Betty appeared in the character of *Selim*, in Barbarossa, at Drury-lane theatre; he evidently laboured under a severe cold, and was interrupted by slight fits of coughing; but he went through the part with great spirit and obtained abundant applause.

We before noticed that master Betty laboured under a severe cold, during his performance of *Selim* at Drury-lane theatre, on the 15th of December.—His next appearance was announced to be in the same character on the Tuesday following; but the public sustained a disappointment, which was certainly more to be regretted than wondered at,

conſidering the frequency of his public exertions.

Dec. 18.] On the drawing up of the curtain, mr. Wroughton (acting manager) came forward, and thus addreſſed the audience.

'*Ladies and Gentlemen,*

'Notwithſtanding every meaſure has been taken which the time would allow, to apprize the public of the unavoidable change of the play this evenning, it is poſſible that many perſons may have entered the theatre unacquainted with the diſappointment I refer to. I feel it, therefore, a reſpect I owe to them, to read the printed notice, which we have endeavoured, by every means to circulate through every part of the town——

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

Tueſday, 12 o'clock.

The manager of this theatre has juſt received the following notes, which, with great reſpect, and the utmoſt concern, he lays before the public; it is unneceſſary to add, that the change of the play is unavoidable; and he requeſts their indulgence to the comedy of

THE WONDER.
Don Felix, Mr. Elliſton.
Violante, Mrs. Jordan.
With the Muſical Entertainment of
MATRIMONY.
Delaval, Mr. Elliſton.
Eliza, Mrs. Jordan.

SIR, *Tueſday, 12 o'clock.*

I am extremely concerned that it was not in my power to give you earlier intelligence than the encloſed, addreſſed to you by dr. Pearſon, now conveys. I did not conceive yeſterday that my ſon's indiſpoſition would have prevented his appearance this evening, or my regard for the intereſt of the theatre, and my reſpect for the public who patronize him with ſuch unparalleled generoſity, would have cauſed me inſtantly to have apprized you of it. Ill as he is, he is even now deſirous to play rather than to be thought deficient in either of theſe reſpects; but I am confident that neither the public or the proprietors would accept ſuch a mark of his zeal at the riſk ſtated by dr. Pearſon.

I am, ſir, your obedient ſervant,
W. HENRY BETTY.

To R. Wroughton, eſq.

SIR, *Tueſday, half paſt Eleven.*

On being called in to maſter Betty, yeſterday, I did not conſider his indiſpoſition of ſuch a nature as to juſtify my interference with his earneſt deſire not to diſappoint the public, by changing the performance advertiſed for this evening. But this morning I am decidedly of opinion, that he cannot, without the *greateſt hazard*, attempt to appear on the ſtage this evening.

I am, ſir, yours, &c.
GEORGE PEARSON.

R. Wroughton, eſq.

'And now, ladies and gentlemen, in order to prevent uncertain expectation or future diſappointment, I am inſtructed to ſay, that, with a view to a perfect re-eſtabliſhment of his health, the young Roſcius will certainly not appear again at this theatre until after the chriſtmas holidays, the proprietors being determined to look to his health as the firſt object. I am confident that a generous public, whatever may be their temporary diſappointment, will approve and ſanction the motive which ſuggeſts this precaution.

'I have only, ladies and gentlemen, to obtrude for a moment more, to requeſt your indulgence to the ſubſtituted comedy, in which mr. Elliſton and mrs. Jordan with the utmoſt chearfulneſs undertook their parts at the ſhorteſt notice.'

The audience united in ſentiments of regret for the youth's illneſs, and of approbation for the promptitude of mrs. Jordan, mr. Elliſton, and the other performers, and received the ſubſtituted pieces with great applauſe.

29.] At Drury-lane theatre, after much previous puffing, was produced a comedy called 'THE LAND WE LIVE IN;' the characters and fable of which were as follow:—*Sir Rowland Engliſh*, mr. Wroughton; *Sir Edward Melville*, mr. Powell; *Sir Harry Lovelace*, mr. Barrymore; *Young Melville*, mr. Elliſ-

ton;

ton; *Harcourt*, mr. De Camp; *Dexter*, mr. Banniſter; *Peter*, mr. Wewitzer; *Mr. Roger*, mr. Mathews; *Larry Macboof*, mr. J. Johnſtone; *Quillet*, mr. Purſer; *Rightly*, mr. Raymond.—*Lady Lovelace*, mrs. Jordan; *Miſs Betty*, miſs De Camp; *Liddy*, miſs Pope; *Mrs. Doublecharge*, mrs. Sparks; *Polly*, miſs Mellon.

Young Melville, the ſon of Sir Edward Melville, is commanded by his father to go down to Norfolk, and marry the daughter of Sir Rowland Engliſh, whom he had never ſeen, and who was to have a fortune of 80,000l. Having, in obedience to theſe commands, ſet out on his journey and arrived at Lynn, in Norfolk, he meets his couſin Harcourt, a young man without money, and deeply in debt, who, for the ſake of her fortune, is content to perſonate Young Melville, and is reſolved to marry Sir Rowland's daughter, although he is told that ſhe has no pretenſions to any perſonal charms. A ſhort time after the arrival of Young Melville, Lady Lovelace alſo comes to the ſame inn. Young Melville had previouſly ſeen her at Bath, and fallen in love with her, without knowing her hiſtory. She was the wife of his friend Sir Harry Lovelace, from whom ſhe had been ſeparated merely on account of her love of faſhionable diſſipation and expenſive pleaſure; but both ſhe and her huſband anxiouſly wiſhed a reconciliation, and for that purpoſe Lady Lovelace and Sir Harry arrive ſeparately at the inn.—Melville diſcovers her to be the miſtreſs to whom, under her maiden name, he had become attached at Bath. Sir Harry Lovelace arrives with the ſame purpoſe as his lady, that of a reunion to the woman he loves, and whoſe value he has only learned ſince his ſeparation from her; but becoming the confidant of Melville, he learns his paſſion for Lady Lovelace, and reſents it accordingly. Harcourt becomes as much in love with the beauty of Miſs Betty as he had been before with her fortune. At this moment things are thrown into confuſion by the arrival of Sir Edward Melville; but, after ſome paſſionate effuſions, Sir Rowland reſolves to put to the teſt the real honour and ſenſibility of Harcourt. This teſt ſucceeds to the wiſh of all parties; and, after ſome further buſtle, the piece terminates with the union of Miſs Betty and Harcourt, and the reunion of Sir Harry and Lady Lovelace.

Although the whole comic ſtrength of the houſe was called forth in the ſervice, this piece was in itſelf ſo deſtitute of novelty and of ſtage effect, and ſo tedious in details that had neither intereſt nor humour to recommend them, that it was, as an *acting* drama, moſt deſervedly condemned by a patient and candid audience. The firſt act excited expectations that were wholly diſappointed; and at *half paſt ten o'clock* the curtain dropped amidſt a tumult of diſapprobation. The author, however, has publiſhed his play, 'to ſhame the rogues.' Inſtead of a prologue, it was introduced by a *prelude*; in which mr. Elliſton, who perſonated the author, was, by the accidental falling of a ſcene on the back part of his head, moſt *ominouſly* diſtreſſed almoſt as ſoon as he had announced to a friend that he had a play coming out. Mrs. Jordan was to have ſpoken the epilogue; but *ſudden indiſpoſition*, for which it would not be difficult to aſſign a cauſe, prevented her, and the epilogue was not delivered.

January 15.] A new comedy (or rather a play) was preſented for the firſt time at Covent-garden. It is the production of that very ſucceſsful dramatiſt of our day, mr. Morton, and is entitled 'THE SCHOOL OF REFORM; or, *How to Rule a Huſband.*" The principal characters were thus repreſented: *Lord Avondale*, mr. Cooke; *General Tarragan*, mr. Munden; *Ferment*, mr. Lewis; *Frederick*, mr. C. Kemble; *Old Man*, mr. Murray; *Tyke*, mr. Emery. *Mrs. St. Clair*, mrs. Gibbs; *Mrs. Ferment*, mrs. Litchfield; *Julia Tarragan*, miſs Brunton; *Mrs. Nicely*, mrs. Davenport; *Shelah*, mrs. St. Leger.

Mr. Radnor, afterwards lord Avondale, is in early life attached to a young and virtuous girl, but holding a very humble rank in life; they are privately married; he goes abroad in the ſuite of an ambaſſador, and ſhe follows him; the

the ambaſſador dies, and he is unexpectedly promoted to the appointment; a title ſucceeds, and he becomes diſguſted with the baſe marriage he has formed, and by ſecret agency has her accuſed of practiſing againſt the religion of the country; ſhe is immured in a convent, and he ſuppoſes her dead. Frederick, a ſon by this marriage, he places in the cuſtody of a young tenant of his (Tyke); the money ſent to Tyke turns his brain, he is ruined at Newmarket, and is baniſhed for fourteen years, for the crime of horſe-ſtealing; Frederick, entruſted to his care, is deſerted, but is placed in the School of Reform, and accidentally becomes ſerviceable to lord Avondale, who makes him his ſecretary. The play commences with lord Avondale's arrival at his family ſeat, where he has come to be united to the daughter of General Tarragan, who has alſo arrived from abroad, and has brought with him Mrs. Radnor, who aſſumes the name of St. Clair, and who, by continental revolutions, has been liberated from the convent where ſhe was confined; ſhe is determined (having the certificate of marriage, letters and jewels in her poſſeſſion, to eſtabliſh her claim) to inſtitute an inquiry reſpecting her child; and by a miniature which is ſent from Lord Avondale to Miſs Tarragan, ſhe diſcovers that he is Mr. Radnor, her huſband; and ſhe determines ſecretly to prevent her huſband adding a further crime to what he has committed, by a ſecond marriage. Tyke, who purſues his bad courſes, is brought before lord Avondale, who recognizes him, and he diſclaims any knowledge of the child; but ſays, that by a mark made with gunpowder, he will be enabled to identify him, ſhould they ever meet. Lord Avondale then diſcovers that Mrs. St. Clair has, by the evidences ſhe poſſeſſes, power to ruin his reputation, and determines, at any riſk, to obtain poſſeſſion of them. He ſounds Tyke on the ſubject; but he, having found his father, (ſuppoſed dead,) is affected by ſincere contrition, and refuſes to become his agent. Lord Avondale, goaded on by the dread of immediate expoſures, determines himſelf to obtain thoſe evidences by force; he diſguiſes himſelf, and effects his purpoſe, but is purſued; and Frederick, to ſave Lord Avondale, whom he ardently loves, aſſumes the diſguiſe he wore when he is ſuppoſed to have taken the property. The marriage is about to be celebrated between Lord Avondale and Miſs Tarragan; when his wife places herſelf at the entrance of the chapel, and, on the door opening, he beholds her demanding her loſt ſon; in the mean time, Tyke has diſcovered that Frederick is her ſon, who ruſhes in; and Lord Avondale, on beholding his wife and child reſtored, kneels to heaven in gratitude and contrition.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferment (the former a ſcheming half-witted huſband, the latter a chearful rational wife, who has diſcovered that the only way to *rule her huſband* is to hold her tongue) furniſh out the principal comic incidents, and give the ſecond title to the play, which is one of the moſt intereſting to the feelings that we have witneſſed for a long time: and it is but juſtice to mr. *Emery*, to ſay that, to his admirable acting, the piece is infinitely indebted for its ſucceſs. In his profligate ſtate at the beginning, he exhibited all the low cunning attached to the character; but through the ſubſequent pathetic ſcenes, in his reformed ſtate, he abſolutely took the feelings by ſtorm; and hardly a dry eye was to be ſeen among the ſpectators.

Having paid this juſt tribute to a well drawn and well-acted character, we muſt obſerve, that *Tyke* favours more of the German drama than the Engliſh: horſe-ſtealers and footpad robbers are not recognized by legitimate Engliſh comedy. In this inſtance, however, the venture has been ſucceſsful; and thoſe who like better to be pleaſed than to inquire how they ought to be pleaſed, are a large enough portion of mankind to maintain, in defence of critic rules, the popularity of the piece under conſideration.

The other characters, in which there is not much novelty, were well repreſented; we may particularly notice thoſe

those by mr. Cooke, mr. Lewis, mr. C. Kemble, mrs. Davenport, and mrs. Litchfield. The play was given out for repetition with unanimous applause, and has had an uninterrupted run to the present time.

The prologue, by mr. Taylor, was delivered by mr. Brunton: the epilogue abounds in neat and forcible points, and was spoken with excellent effect by mrs. Litchfield: it is said to be the production of her husband.

[The Irish Theatrical Register, here omitted, will appear in our next.]

Coincidences.

GRAY says "the attic warbler *pours her throat*;" Mr. Pope, "is it for *thee* the linnet *pours her throat*." Gray addresses adversity, "Thou tamer of the human breast, whose *iron* scourge and *torturing hour*, the bad affright, afflict the best." Milton says "when the *scourge* inexorably, and the *torturing hour*, call us to penance." Gray, in his progress of poetry, says, "In climes beyond the *solar road*." "Dryden writes, "Beyond the year, and out of *Heaven's high way*:" and Pope, "Far as the solar walk or milky way." —Gray, in his Bard, "Dear as the light that visits these *sad eyes*: Dear as the *ruddy drops* that warm my heart." Otway makes Priuli exclaim, to his daughter, that she is "Dear as the *vital warmth* that feeds my life. Dear as these *eyes* that weep in fondness o'er thee." Young, in his love of Fame, seems very adroitly to have improved on a witty conceit of Butler. It is curious to observe that while Butler has made a remote allusion of a *window* to a *pillory*, a conceit is grafted on this conceit with a yet greater degree of wit. "Each *window* like the *pillory* appears: With *heads* thrust through, and *nailed* by the *ears*." Butler. "An opera, like a *pillory*, may be said, to *nail* our *ears* down, and expose our head." Young. When Pope composed the following lines on fame, "How vain that second life on other's breath! Th' *estate* which wits *inherit* after death! Ease, health and life, for this they must resign;"—he seems to have amplified, very happily, this single idea of Butler. "Honour's a *lease* for *lives to come*, and cannot be extended from the legal tenant." Dryden, in his Absalom and Achitophel, says, of the earl of Shaftesbury, "David for him his tuneful harp had strung, and *heaven had wanted one immortal song*." This verse was surely ringing in the ears of Pope, when, in addressing dr. Arbuthnot, he says, "Friend of my life, which did you not prolong. The *world had wanted many an idle song*." The above extracts are not made with any malignant design of detecting any unacknowledged imitations of several of our best writers, but merely to exhibit that beautiful variety which the same image is capable of, when touched by the hand of genius.

Q. Z.

Select Sentence.

HOW can any person of *real* feeling agree with lord Shaftesbury, that 'ridicule is the test of truth.'—Truth has *courage*—but no *effrontery*, and is very liable to be laughed out of countenance.

The Antiquities of Ireland. The second Edition, with Additions and Corrections. To which is added, a Collection of miscellaneous Antiquities. By Edward Ledwich, LL. D. and Member of many learned Societies. Dublin, 1804. *(Continued from page 46.)*

VI. *Of the Introduction of Christianity, and of St. Patrick.*

IT is the boast of the church of Rome, that she evangelized the British islands; but this author has indisputably shown, that the glad tidings of the gospel were preached among us long before the arrival of St. Patrick, or St. Austin, by Greek missionaries, who delivered doctrines, differing widely from those professed at Rome, doctrines pertinaciously retained in Ireland till the 12th century.

The existence of St. Patrick, and his apostolate of Ireland, are proved to be legendary fictions. Of this stamp are the accounts of his parentage, his travels to Rome, his promotion in the

Lateran

Lateran, his conſecration and miſſion by pope Celeſtine, and his legateſhip of Ireland. As to his miracles, they are ſo monſtrous and incredible, ſo numerous and unneceſſary, and ſuch a proſtitution of divine omnipotence, that the moſt ſtupid, credulous, or bigotted, cannot digeſt them. He is not mentioned by any writer of veracity in the 5th, 6th, 7th, or 8th centuries; in the 9th, he was dubbed the patron of Ireland; and, about the ſame time, to St. James was given the protection of Spain, to St. Dionyſius or Dennis, France, and to St. Andrew, Scotland.

If, ſays the author, he was ſent by pope Celeſtine, received his orders in the church of Rome, was graced with the archiepiſcopal dignity, formed an hierarchy, and eſtabliſhed rites and ceremonies from Roman originals, can the utmoſt ſtretch of human ingenuity aſſign a reaſon, why Cogitoſus, Adamnan, Cummian, and Bede, have paſſed over theſe intereſting particulars unnoticed? Bede's predilection for Rome and her tenets, had led into many errors; would he, who in general was well-informed, have omitted ſo capital an event, as the converſion of Ireland by a miſſionary from Rome, and the miracles of that miſſionary in ſupport of his favourite doctrines, did ſuch facts, or any tradition reſpecting them, exiſt in the beginning of the 8th century, for Bede died A. D. 735?

The author quotes St. Auſtin, expreſſing his abhorrence of ſaint-worſhip, which brings him to ſpeak of the adoration paid to St. Patrick annually, on the 17th of March. Part of the office for that day has theſe words:

'O God, who vouchſafed to ſend St. Patrick, a confeſſor, and biſhop, to preach thy glory to the Gentiles, grant to thoſe begotten by him through thy goſpel in Jeſus Chriſt, that remaining unmoveably in the doctrine which he delivered, we may be able, through him, to fulfil what thou commandeſt.' Again, 'Increaſe in us, O Lord, a belief of a reſurrection, thou who workeſt miracles by the reliques of thy ſaints, Patrick, Bridget, and Columba, and make us partakers of immortal glory, of which we adore the pledges in their aſhes!'

'Such addreſſes,' continues Ledwich, 'to the Almighty, through ſuch mediators, are profane and ſhocking mockeries. Where, may be aſked, is the doctrine delivered by St. Patrick? Certainly not in the practice of the ancient Iriſh church. and his Culdees, as has been ſeen, differed widely in religious opinions from the Romaniſts; and yet he is joined with St. Patrick, as if he held the ſame belief. St. Bridget is an imaginary ſaint, like St. Patrick. The Roman catholics of Ireland are a liberal and enlightened people, nor is it poſſible they will be longer amuſed with fictitious legends, or pay their adoration to ideal perſonages. The night of ignorance and ſuperſtition is paſſed, and with it the ruſtic and undiſcerning piety of dark ages. A ſcriptural, rational and manly religion, is alone calculated for their preſent improvement in ſcience and manners: this alone will eſtabliſh an empire in the heart of every thinking and well-diſpoſed man, which no revolution will be able to ſhake.'

VII. *Anecdotes of early Chriſtianity in Ireland.*

The Celtic and northern ſuperſtitions are very well illuſtrated in this eſſay, as are the conceſſions of the chriſtian miſſionaries to the weakneſſes and prejudices of their new converts. Thus they erected churches in ſtone circles and oaken groves, and wherever a druidic ſeminary was, there a chriſtian one was eſtabliſhed. The tall pillar, the ancient pagan deity, had a croſs cut on it, and became a chriſtian ſymbol. Drawings of the moſt curious Iriſh monuments are given, in confirmation of what is advanced. The dawnings and progreſs of the goſpel in the iſle; the primitive doctrines there held; the number of Iriſh biſhops and choropiſcopi, and the agreement of the eccleſiaſtical polity of the Iriſh, with that of the oriental church, are ſubjects but little known to the beſt informed antiquarians.

VIII. *Of the Origin and Progreſs of Monachiſm in Ireland.*

It would have been extremely gratifying

fying to us, to give the hiſtory of monkery in Ireland, with anecdotes of the moſt celebrated cenobiarchs, and their monaſtic rules; but our limits forbid it.

IX. *Of the Iriſh Culdees, with the Antiquities of their Abbey of Monoincha.*

Columba was the founder of this celebrated order of monks. He was born 522. The Culdees for almoſt ſix centuries, uncontaminated with Romiſh innovations, the faith delivered to them by their firſt preachers, and for ſo doing ſuffered perſecution in every age, at length they fell a ſacrifice to encroaching ambition, and ſpiritual intolerance. The clerical labours in converting the Anglo-Saxons, and ſome continental nations, were very conſpicuous. After the council in Caſhel, in 472, the Auguſtinians ſeemed to have poſſeſſed themſelves of their churches and property. One of their foundations is at Monaincha, an iſland in a bog of vaſt extent. Its ſituation, architecture, croſſes, &c. with its hiſtory, muſt be intereſting to the genuine antiquary.

X. *Of the State of the Iriſh Church in the Eleventh Century and after.*

We are here preſented with an account of the ancient ſees, and the gradual encroach of the Romaniſts, until they totally ſubverted the doctrine and diſcipline of the Iriſh church. The making a terreſtial purgatory in Loch Derg, under the name of St. Patrick's purgatory, was one of the inſtruments uſed for this purpoſe. Of this noted place, a good drawing is given. When the court of Rome found it beyond their power to aboliſh the ancient doctrines of the Iriſh, it conferred the kingdom on Henry II. which brought the Iriſh completely, in church and ſtate, under the dominion of England.

XI. *Of the ſtone-roofed Churches of the antient Iriſh, and of Cormac's Chapel.*

Theſe curious ſtructures, of which there are many in Ireland, were expreſsly built for the reception of the reliques of the ſaint to whom they were dedicated. This was the caſe of Cormac's chapel in Caſhel.

XII. *Of the Round Towers in Ireland.*

From the conſideration of ſtone roofed chapels, the author is led to treat of the round towers; of theſe, he enumeraes, ſixty-ſix. The authors of them, and the peculiarity of their conſtruction, have puzzled antiquaries; ſome giving them to the remoteſt, and others to later ages. The author examines the conjectures of former writers, points out their errors, and fixes the erection of theſe towers in the 9th century; he likewiſe ingeniouſly accounts for their cylindrical form.

XIII. *The Hiſtory and Antiquities of Glendaloch, in the County of Wicklow.*

Glendaloch is a valley, ſurrounded by mountains of ſtupendous height; a place well adapted for ſuperſtition to erect her throne; and in all ages it has been her favourite ſeat. The fame of St. Kevin, a fictitious perſonage like St. Patrick, raiſed it to celebrity by his auſterities and miracles. We may judge of the legend of this ſaint, by this act told by Giraldus Cambrenſis.—'In the time of lent, St. Kevin retreated from the world into a deſert.—On a certain time putting his hand out of the window, and lifting it up to heaven, a blackbird perched on it, and uſing it as her neſt, dropped her eggs there. The ſaint pitied the bird, and neither cloſed nor drew in his hand, but indefatigably kept it ſtretched out, until ſhe brought forth her young.'—Such are the wonders of Iriſh *ſanctology*.

The ſeven churches at Glendaloch attracted numerous pilgrims to celebrate the profound myſteries of the number ſeven; as the ſeven ſacraments, the ſeven mortal ſins, the ſeven wounds of Chriſt, &c. An ignorant and bigotted people ſwallowed, without examination, the moſt horrible impieties and groſſeſt ſuperſtitions.

XIV. *Obſervations on Saxon and Gothic Architecture.*

This eſſay appeared in the Archæologia, and is a very profound antiquarian inveſtigation. Biſhop Warburton's fanciful opinion on the ſubject is critically examined, and found untenable. This author ſhews that the Goths were not the authors of that ſtyle of architecture,

tecture, which passes under their name. The use of the pointed or lancet arch preceded, some centuries, the existence of the Gothic power, and seems to have been first appropriated in England to ecclesiastical structures, about the year 1000. He brings the Saxon ornaments from the east, and exhibits in elegant drawings, all their variety, from a Syriac MS. of the 6th century, preserved in the Mediceo-Laurentian library of Florence.

He adduces instances of a new style of ornament in the 9th and subsequent ages, made up of magical and hieroglyphical Egyptian figures. These are seen in the Undercroft at Canterbury, and their explication is learned and ingenious. We are introduced also to the Danish style of ornament, it is seen at Glendaloch, and is unique in the kingdom: the savage figures are well illustrated from northern history and mythology.

XV. *Of the ancient Irish Coins.*

The author is positive that the original Celtic inhabitants had no knowledge of metals, as their language does not supply one term for them, their names being either Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon. In what are called the Brehon laws, erics or mulcts are paid in heifers or cumals of cattle. The Danes, or northern Vicingi, who established themselves in the sea-ports, particularly in Dublin, erected mints, and first coined money. Fourteen specimens of this rude mintage are given, and explained by the author.—If the use of coin is a mark of civilization, the Irish were in a rude state previous to the fourteenth century; for it was in 1331 that amerciaments were ordered to be paid in deniers, and not, as usual, in cattle.

XVI. *Observations on the Harp, and antient Irish Music.*

The harp was unknown to the Greeks and Romans, and first occurs under that name in Martianus Capella, in the 5th century. From Eucherius, bishop of Lyons, we may collect, that the harp in shape resembled the Greek delta. Venantius Fortunatus, who wrote in the sixth century, calls the harp the national instrument of the Teutonic people, the crwth of the Celtic, and the lyre of the Roman. That the harp was in use only among certain tribes of barbarians, is further evident, from its not being mentioned by Isidore Hispalensis, in his Origines, or Suidas in his Lexicon. This author believes the harp was first introduced into Ireland from the noted connection of the Irish with the Anglo-Saxons, a Teutonic branch, in the fourth and fifth centuries.

No record or monument exhibits the harp as the armorial bearing of Ireland. Henry VIII. first made it so. As Ireland was converted by Greek missionaries, they introduced a knowledge of Greek music; of the progress made in its cultivation, Giraldus Cambrensis gives the most ample testimony. Caradoc of Lhlancarvan assures us, that the Irish invented all the instruments, tunes, and measures in use among the Welsh.

XVII. *Of the Musical Instruments of the ancient Irish.*

This essay was communicated by mr. William Beauford, with proper acknowledgements from this author. He treats of the Irish music under two heads, melody and harmony. The first was composed of a certain number of tones; those tones were either whole or semi-tones; we do not know the specific names for the several tones rising and falling in the scale. Harmony was divided into treble and the base. The instruments were organical and rythmical. The first included the stuic or bugle horn, the gall-trompa, the trumpa, and many other varieties. The rythmical were, the tiompan or drum, the chrotal, the clairsech, &c. He shews how the Oirpeaus, or Scythic harp was adapted to vocal music, by filling up the fifths and thirds in each scale; by which they were enabled to complete their scale, and encrease the number of strings from 18 to 28, in which the original chromatic tones were retained, and the whole formed on the oral improved system. There are many valuable observations in this essay.

(To be continued.)

Journal

Journal of the Proceedings of the Third Session of the Second Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

TUESDAY, JAN. 15.

THIS day about three o'clock, his majesty came in state to the house of peers, and opened the session with a speech from the throne.—(See page 54.)

His majesty having retired, lord Elliott rose to move the address. He made a few observations on the speech; and expressed his opinion that the sentiments which he uttered were such as no Englishman ought to hesitate to subscribe to. He paid a high compliment to the vigour and energy of our army and navy; and observed, that it would be time enough to decide upon the transactions which related to Spain when the documents were before the house. He felt no hesitation in saying, that he thought the conduct of ministers would bear every examination; and with respect to the overtures for peace, he had no doubt that they had wisely resolved not to be seduced by any hollow truce, but to adopt such terms only as would prove solid and permanent. He then adverted to our internal prosperity, and concluded with moving the address.

Lord Gwydir seconded the address, and made some general remarks on the vain-glorious threats of the enemy:—he trusted that the house would applaud the conduct of ministers with respect to Spain; as it was evident that her army, navy, councils, and wealth, were all under French influence.

Lord Carlisle said a few words against the propriety of sanctioning the measures of ministers towards Spain, before they were informed of the facts relative to that transaction;—he was followed by

Lord Hawkesbury, who spoke in support of unanimity; and asserted that explanations had been frequently demanded of Spain for months before the detention of the frigates; till at length a categorical answer was required, which not being obtained, our minister left Madrid. He concluded with several encomiums on the spirit of the country, which had produced 100,000 volunteers in arms, besides the army, navy, and militia.

The duke of Clarence said, that the question with respect to the war with Spain required great explanation; and he thought the frigates might have been detained without so many disasters to their crews, particularly as we had the command of the sea.

Lord Grenville declared that the address had his entire approbation; and he trusted that the house, in pledging themselves to support the honour of the throne and the dignity of the country, would express their feelings more by deeds than by words. He was convinced, that at the close of the last war, by too great an extent of concessions, and too strong a desire for peace, the enemy looked upon us as a vanquished people. He hoped, therefore, that whenever we were led to negociation, the principles expressed in his majesty's speech of to-day would never be departed from.

The duke of Norfolk made a few remarks on the claims of the Irish catholics not being noticed in the speech; after which the address was put and agreed to, *nem. con.*

19.] This day the lords met at two o'clock; and, after the usual routine of business was gone through, proceeded to St. James's with the address voted to his majesty on his most gracious speech. (See page 55.)

Lord Ellenborough having prepared a bill for rectifying some omissions in the insolvent debtors' act, it was, this day, read a first time.

Adjourned to Monday.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

TUESDAY, JAN. 15.

WRITS were issued for new members for Warwick, Dumfries, Horsham, Totness, Devizes, Buckingham, Leitrim, Haddington, Dunbar, West Loo, Peebles, and Edinburgh, vacant by deaths and promotions.

The speech being read, the address was moved by

The hon. A. Dillon, who briefly touched on its ſeveral features; and was followed by

Mr. C. Adams, who ſaid, he flattered himſelf that the houſe would be particularly zealous in expreſſing their attachment to their beloved ſovereign and his government. He hoped that the aſſurances of a pacific diſpoſition on the part of the enemy would prove ſincere; and he congratulated the country on its great proſperity, ſtrength, and reſources.

Mr. Fox thought it expedient to notice two omiſſions in his majeſty's ſpeech, and one in the addreſs. In the laſt, the houſe was made to pledge itſelf on a queſtion, on which no further information was called for, to approve 'his majeſty's determination not to give any further explanation with reſpect to it, till he ſhall have conſulted with certain courts,' &c. It had not appeared to him in the firſt view, why any explanation on the ſubject was neceſſary; and he ſhould not approve of this determination until he ſhould know what was the nature of this connexion. The principal omiſſion in the ſpeech, at which he was ſurpriſed, was that relative to the catholic queſtion, which had been loſt for three or four years; and the other was, that no compliment had been paid to parliament for the great meaſures which they had enacted for the welfare and ſecurity of the country; particularly that relative to the creation of the great diſpoſable force; though he had reaſon to think that this meaſure had failed altogether. He concluded with hoping that this matter would be explained, as well as that relative to the capture of the Spaniſh frigates, in which he conceived the honour of the nation to be concerned.

Mr. Pitt thought that any interference on the ſubject of the catholic queſtion would, at this time, be extremely injudicious. Reſpecting the bill of the laſt ſeſſion for the military defence, he ſhould not think it at all neceſſary now to inquire into its merits; when the ſeaſon arrived for an examination, he ſhould venture to contend, that at the time it was propoſed, it was the beſt expedient for the public ſecurity which circumſtances admitted; and further that the new ſituation of the kingdom would fully juſtify a perſeverance in the ſame ſyſtem. In regard to the ſeizure of the Spaniſh frigates, when full information ſhould be laid before the houſe upon the ſubject, ſo far from a departure from the moderation and integrity of the nation, the meaſure would be conſidered a remarkable inſtance of his majeſty's reſerve and tenderneſs; and as an example, to ſhow that where he exerciſed the rights of war he meditated the means of conciliation.

Mr. Windham ſpoke on the ſame grounds as Mr. Fox, with whom he expreſſed himſelf perfectly to coincide; and intimated his intention of moving, on Monday ſe'nnight, for a committee to conſider on the means of improving our military force. He concluded with reminding the houſe of the outrages againſt the laws of nations committed by Bonaparté, particularly in the ſeizure of captain Wright, who was ſtill detained a cloſe priſoner in the temple.

The addreſs was then agreed to, *nem. con.* and the houſe adjourned.

16.] The hon. mr. Dillon brought up the report of the committee appointed to prepare an addreſs in anſwer to his majeſty's ſpeech; which was agreed to, and ordered to be preſented to his majeſty by the whole houſe.

17.] It was moved and ordered, that the houſe, on Monday, ſhould take into conſideration that part of his majeſty's ſpeech which relates to the ſupplies: to which day the houſe adjourned.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL AND SELECT POETRY.

To Miſs C———, weeping for a beloved Brother, lately Dead in the Weſt Indies.—An Elegy.

STILL does the tear bedim my fair one's eye;
Still is that cheek with boothleſs ſorrow pale!
When will that boſom ceaſe to pour the ſigh,
That heaving tells a melancholy tale?

Ceaſe, lovely maid—forbid thoſe tears to fall,
And be thoſe unavailing ſighs ſuppreſs'd;
Can they thy William's fainted ſoul recal?
Can they reanimate his clay-cold breaſt?

Ev'n

Ev'n if those flowing tears and frequent sighs
Could to thy brother's dust new life bestow,
Ah! were it not unkind from heav'nly joys
To call him back to earth and scenes of woe?

You say his gentle looks and noble air,
A mild and gen'rous soul at once bespoke;
And grieve that one so virtuous and so fair,
Should fall cut off by death's untimely stroke.

But temper mild or beauty's short-liv'd bloom,
Mourn not, within the grave's dark bosom laid;
Full soon would age and stern misfortune's gloom
That temper sour, and bid that beauty fade.

Ev'n so by noon-tide blasts is laid full low
The flow'r that bloom'd at noon so fresh and gay;
But had it ev'n escap'd destruction now,
Pierc'd by the frosts of night 'twould soon decay.

Those virtues which adorn'd his gen'rous breast,
On earth that gain'd him both esteem and love,
Have rais'd him to the regions of the blest,
And giv'n him endless happiness above.

When deadly pestilence prepar'd the wound,
What tho' no parent's tender care was nigh?
What tho' no sisters stood attentive round,
To ease his pain—to catch his parting sigh?

What tho', when death hath clos'd his short career
And cropp'd with ruthless hand his vernal bloom;
Tho' none but strangers wept around his bier,
While shrieking negroes mourn'd their fav'rite's doom?

Yet cease to mourn, to heave the sigh forbear;
For know, my love, thy William sits at ease,
Where the glad soul, unvexed by pain and care,
Enthron'd with angels swells the note of praise.

Thus when thy lamp of life shall cease to shine,
Thou too shalt soar an angel to the sky;
For innocence and purity like thine
Shall surely gain their blest reward on high.

And when my bones shall rest within the grave,
When death shall silence this too daring lyre,
Me too, may heav'n, omnipotent, to save,
Deem not unfit to join the blissful choir.

Oh! then whilst hand in hand with thee I rove
Through bow'rs, where pleasure reigns without alloy,
The rapture-beaming smiles of her I love
Will add new relish to celestial joy.

Aughnacloy, Jan. 12, 1805.

Epistle from a Catholic Epicure in the Country, to a Friend in Town. Written in Lent.

PALE Lent presides, and sister Pray'r
Coequal o'er the solemn year!
Behold her head with ashes crown'd,
And beads and manuals strew'd around,
Of rotten relics (precious store!)
And ave marias, *gallore*,
Hair shirts, which to mankind were giv'n,
To reconcile the rage of heav'n;
Crosses and cowls, the cell's dark tenants,
And all the engin'ry of penance;
In motley state, sorround the maid,
And lend their salutary aid!
Factitious tears *invite* the eyes,
And *quantum sufficit* of sighs,
In various garb, seductive, drest,
Solicit entrance to the breast.
Sadly moving in her train,
Frantic, voluntary pain;
And penitence, in piteous tone,
Heaves the reconciling groan:—
Arm'd fishermen behind appear,
With nets and rods and close the rear.—
Weep, wide, unwieldy ocean! weep,
For fate hangs low'ring o'er the deep!
And you, ye lakes maternal! mourn,
Your children from your bosoms torn!
E'en now, they, flouncing on the land,
Feel *pious* persecution's hand!—
Far, far off——deserted beau,
Hymen, god of mirth and woe!
With a virgin group complains,
His torch revers'd and rent his chains.
Solid service, dark embrown'd,
Reeking, huge, capacious round,
At her presence takes alarm,
Divested of its pow'r to charm;
Made the object of a scoff,
Ham delightful! scampers off.—
Excuse, dear S—, my impious grief,
Farewel fat mutton and roast beef;
Of plenty, fair, expressive signs!
Repletion in your absence pines.—
Adieu! ye sweets of various hue,
And various flavor, all adieu!—
No more your mingled scents arise,
That centinel, the nose, t' apprize;
Th' impatient circle now no more,
"Let slip their knives and cry—devour!"
No more the surloin crowns the table,
But pike unclean and herrings vile
"Grin horribly a ghastly smile."—
But why this whining tone assume?
You cits are favourites at Rome;
No lent, no abstinence you know,
Save once a century or so:—
Save when even B——y, *pious* grown,
(For fear will turn a heart of stone,)
With hands out-spread and eyes aghast,
Old E—gl—d's pope—prescribes a fast,
The state's infirmity to cure,
And balk the vengeance of monsieur;
In prudent woe Sejanus wails,
And fawns on heav'n when finance fails!
—Push on old P—t! we must confess,
If fasting can insure success—
Success thy efforts shall await—
In spite of Boney and of fate:
Soon wilt thou see, a *general lent*,
Wide, unconfin'd, and permanent,
Embrace Anabaptist, Turk, Arian,
Jew, Protestant and Presbyterian,
Moravian, Methodist and Quaker,
And each deistical wiseacre.—
Yes—all the various roads to Heav'n,
Which Fancy to mankind has giv'n,
For once, shall join, at thy command,
And mingled penance purge the land;
Dost ask the riddle's explanation?
'Tis thus—"By H—n, you'll starve the nation."

Strange

Strange regulation, sure! and hard,
That we're the use of flesh debarr'd;
Unblest with store of finny food,
Nor wanting penance—wise and good;
While you're indulg'd—allow'd to eat,
Where substitutes annoy each street
Unsold, uneat and putrid grown,
A perfect nuisance on the town!—
You too, whom penance best befits,
A race of graceless sinning cits!
Sure the most partial reader must
Acknowledge this to be unjust,
When he the parties claims compares:—
But when I'm pope I'll change affairs.—
—At present, with profound submission,
I blame the partial prohibition;
His holiness for ought I'll tell,
May be, or not be, infallible;
But in this case, it may be said,
That "virtue starves while vice is fed."
And oh! could I indulge my wish
Amid this meagre time of fish,
I'd fly where Liffey's billows roll,
Land of plaice and sav'ry sole!
Where haddock rich and cod ador'd,
Burthen the hospitable board:
The scaly crowds that swarm the bays,
And animate surrounding seas,
Eblana plump and fat! when taken,
Supply the want of beef and bacon;
Twin powers! your absence stands unmourn'd,
While with such spoils the dish's adorn'd!
But in this lonely village ground,
Where bucks*, the *staple* food, abound,
Where simple herrings make the meal,
Drench'd with a draught of home brew'd ale,
(At times perchance a bit of ling,
Dry, tasteless, salt, insipid thing!
Appears——accounted luxury,
By such unpolish'd clowns as we:)
In solitude I pine away,
And nought can do but fast and pray.—
Adieu! this time will quickly pass,
Time of woe, to men of mass!
We'll then pack penance out of doors:—
I am, dear S—, sincerely your's, PADDY.

On the Author completing his twenty-first Year, 14th February, 1805.

——— Obrepit non intellecta Senectus.
Juv.

——————— Sed famam extendere—
Hoc virtutis opus.— Virg.

AS some wretched mariner o'er the wild wave borne,
Dashed on the shore, defenceless, and forlorn,
On this wide world by storming fortune thrown,
The humble muse, poor, friendless, and unknown,
Whose only wealth in struggling virtue lies,
Whose only hope, far centered in the skies;
Sad wandering down, beside a mouldering pile,
Saw, 'midst the ruins, the genius of our isle;
The kindling dawn blushed o'er the mountain blue,
Like time and friends the lessening stars withdrew;
She silent stood in mournful thought profound,
Her tuneless harp lay broken on the ground;
The heart's drop trembled in her beamless eye,
And beckoning near, she said, with tender sigh,
"Be virtuous thou, my child, while time is given!
"Secure the precious hour, the hour of heaven.
"Time silent steals, this life is but a dream,
"Quick and transient, as the lightning's gleam,
"With truths like these engraven on thy soul,
"Impending want and reigning vice controul.
"The towering rock deep rooted in the ground,
"Unshaken stands tho' ocean roars around—
"Tho' poor, with soul, where conscience virtue springs,
"Look down and pity kings and slaves of kings.
"For what is man and all his pride and power?
"Vain fleeting pageant of the varying hour;
"Frail as the rose sweet blooming on the thorn,
"Fleeting as clouds that paint the summer's morn;
"Light moving billows, curling in the breeze,
"Or waving shadows of the trembling trees."
Now tears began to flow with lab'ring breast,
Then solemn said, slow turning towards the west;
"Thro' thee poor, plundered, desolated isle,
"Where faith nor truth, nor ancient virtue, smile,
"Remorseless war with destroying fury frowned,
"Thy patriot children slaughtering on the ground;
"The giant murder stalked throughout the plain,
"Pale flight, and trembling terror in his train;
"Revenge whose starting eye-balls flash'd with fire
"And deadly heat, and iron hearted ire;
"Insatiate rage thy ancient pride o'erwhelm,
"And desolation marked thy falling realm."
Old time and silence hearken'd while she sung,
Night stopp'd her ebon car, and listening hung:
"When time," she said, "draws nigh some dread event,
"Such as of late alarming nations rent;
"When freedom rose o'er Gaul's long slumbering land,
"Tore the red rod from slavery's cruel hand—
"Far flaming in the north loud Hecla roars,
"The Atlantic heaves, and tremble all its shores;
"The prince of darkness rears his horrid form,
"Yells in the cloud, or points the midnight storm,
"And loud bewails his ancient empire torn,
"By wicked kings and bending millions borne;
"Bares the red arm, with blood stained flag unfurl'd,
"Spreads wars and tumults round the echoing world;
"Redoubling peals and deepening thunders roll,
"Ruin clings affrighted to the tottering pole.
"On fiery winds, with terrifying yell,
"Struck discord plunges down the gulph of hell;
"Destruction, shrieking, flies the trembling ball,
"And silent darkness round envelops all."—
Now oped the golden eyelids of the morn,
Night murmuring fled, on wings of darkness borne:
"Adieu my child, we'll meet again," she said,
And bound the blooming laurel round my head.
J. H.

NOTE.

* *Bucks, a jocular appellation for potatoes.*

Ode for the New Year, 1805, by Henry James Pye, Esq. Poet Laureat.

I.

PORTENTOUS 'mid the stormy sky,
Dread when the livid meteors glare, The

The faded cheek, the languid eye,
Pale terror's awful reign declare;
And as athwart the face of heaven
The blazing corruscations fly,
From the green mead and pasture driven,
The flock and herds affrighted hie:
For on the lightning's flash await
The fiery messengers of fate;
And the loud tempest's thundering breath
Wafts the terrific bolts of danger and of death.

II.

But when the golden orb of day
High in the arch of heav'n appears,
And with a salutary ray
The smiling face of nature cheers,
Each grove a livelier verdure wears,
The beams the woodland gloom pervade;
While shining through the dewy glade,
As smooth the riv'let glides along,
The lowing herds in peaceful throng,
Assemble on the rushy brink,
Graze on its sides, or from its bosom drink;
And bursting from each parent root,
Myriads of embryo scions shoot,
Myriads of insect tribes their wings display,
And rise to light and life, wak'd by th' inspiring ray.

III.

Fell despotism's giant form
Shews to the subjugated mind,
As glares the meteor of the storm,
The dread, the horror of mankind;
Baleful as through the darken'd skies
With livid gleam the lightning flies,
Fierce as the fiery torrents flow
From the rent mountain's torrid brow,
When o'er Sicilia's plain and dædal towers
Ætna the stream of desolation pours,
And far as horror throws th' astonish'd eye,
The wasted regions round in smoking ruins lie.

IV.

But different far the happy scene,
'Mid fertile vales and sky serene,
Where rules a king with peaceful sway;
A people's good his patriot aim;
Who, like the radiant source of day,
Sheds glowing light and vital flame:
And as along the ethereal space,
Eternal laws the course celestial trace;
So freedom's rule and virtue's high behest
Direct the councils of the royal breast.
And as the day-star's influence bland
Sheds plenty o'er the teeming land;
Now from th' irriguous marsh and sea-beat coast,
Raising of vapoury mists a fleecy host,
To fall again, again with genial power,
In balmy dew or gentle shower:
So grateful Albion through each fruitful plain,
Proclaims with hearfelt joy her George's prosp'rous reign.

To the Author of Familiar Epistles.

FAMILIAR Epistles, familiar and free,
In truth, more familiar they could not well be;
Familiar with characters, persons, and parts,
In short, they're familiar in stinging of hearts,
And shew that the author, so *fond* of revealing,
Can ne'er be supposed too familiar with feeling.

Upon the Author of certain Epistles, and a late melancholy Death.

MALIGNANT scribbler I mean, assassin like,
Who only in the dark would dare to strike
And wound a heart where countless virtues dwell,
But thus at heaven rail the sprites of hell;
Promethean vultures gnaw thy heart with pain,
Ixion's wheel revolving in thy brain;
The stone of Syfiphus oblig'd to roll,
The thirst of Tantalus attend thy soul;
Be all these emblems of thy present state,
The christian hell attend thy future fate!

Spring.

LET thy return, delightful Spring!
To peace, and ease, new pleasure bring;]
Thy tuneful birds melodious note,
That on the melting air doth float;
Thy breezy breath of balmy flow'rs,
Thy humid robe, of lucid show'rs,
And all the sweetness of thy air,
All but augments, my deep despair.
For whom should thy young roses twine?
That in thy pearly dew-drops shine,
Waking the blushes of the grove,
Soft as the te r of infant love;
Thy wreath can youth and beauty claim;
Pure honor, far excelling fame;
Go, let thy brightest garland wave,
And fade o'er William's torrid grave.

ANNA.

Social Duties.

'*THANK* Heav'n,' cried one, the other day,
'I owe no more than I can pay!—
Bravo!—Would I could say the same!
For I'm beset with claim on claim.
My high *superiors* foremost stand,
Submission of me to demand;
My *equals* next step forth to view,
And for a *generous friendship* sue;
Inferiors too appear in sight,
And *condescension* ask of right;
E'en *enemies* put in their plea,
And claim my *liberality*;
And, after all, both *friend* and *foe*
Protest the *debt of love* I owe.
Now each of all these claims are right and just;
But I'm exceeding poor, and therefore must
To Heav'n's munificence for means to pay them trust.

W. B.

The Quaker Girl.

THE Quaker Girl, with eye of blue,
And auburn hair, that softly strays,
From where the cap, half gives to view,
The blushing cheek, where beauty plays;
Her bosom veil'd, in snowy lawn,
Her shape to pourtray, aid me nine!
Her garment like, the silky fawn,
Exactly neat, but never fine,
Rob'd in the decency of dress,
Without one ornament, of art,
Her outward clothing does express,
Her innate modesty of heart.

ANNA.

State

State of Public Affairs.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

THE Britiſh miniſter at the court of Spain has returned to London.—Soon after his departure to Madrid, which was on the 14th of November, the Spaniſh government iſſued a declaration of war againſt England. This declaration is written with imbecility; admitting, in fact, one of the principal complaints of the Engliſh court againſt that of Spain—that of giving France aid in money, in lieu of military and naval aid, thus confeſſing the nature of the ſubſidy paid to France. The admiſſion, however, does not ſanction (nor could any aggreſſion ſanction) the conduct of our miniſters in their manner of beginning the war; nor can any advantage we may be ſuppoſed to have derived from that conduct, compenſate for the injury done to our national character by that tranſaction. The prince of Peace has ſince publiſhed an addreſs to the Spaniſh armies. It affects to paſs in review the cauſes of the war between this country and Spain; and calls upon the honour, courage, and loyalty of the Spaniſh nation, to carry on the war with vigour. With reſpect to that part of the addreſs which ſpeaks of our ſeizure of the Spaniſh frigates, we are compelled to be ſilent under feelings of the deepeſt humiliation. In this extremity we are happy to find, that no ſolid explanation is given in the addreſs, of the acts of the Spaniſh government complained of by our court. The attempt of the prince of Peace (captain general of the Spaniſh forces) to excite the Spaniards to a defence of their country, is natural; but the gaſconading ſtyle of the addreſs threatens us with no great energy in his war-adminiſtration, nor can afford any ſincere pleaſure to the wiſe and honeſt of his own nation.

Some kind of overtures of peace have been made directly from the French government to our court. A French officer (an *enſeign de Vaiſſeau*) on the 7th of January, came out of Boulogne in a fiſhing veſſel, with a flag of truce. He was received on board one of our ſhips of war on that ſtation, and his diſpatches ſent to London; and an anſwer has ſince been returned by the miniſters, (ſee page 100.)

It is with great ſatisfaction we [illegible] that the embargo on Spaniſh veſſels, which we announced in our laſt number, was afterwards partially taken off, under the following circumſtances.—During the negociation, the Spaniſh merchants made application to our government to know whether they would be permitted to freight their ſhips at that time in our ports, and received an anſwer in the affirmative; and in conformity with that aſſurance, ſuch Spaniſh veſſels were relieved from the embargo. A report prevails, to which we readily give credit, that, on the repreſentation of a number of reſpectable Spaniſh merchants, of the dearth of corn in Spain, an order of council has been obtained permitting veſſels to carry corn to the ports of Spain, excepting ſuch ports as contain naval arſenals.

Letters of marque and repriſals have been iſſued againſt the Spaniards.

The houſe of commons has voted 120,000 men, including 30,000 marines, for the ſervice of the navy, for the preſent year. In the houſe of lords, on the motion of the marquis of Abercorn, an open commitee is appointed, to conſider of the matters alleged againſt mr. juſtice Fox (one of the Iriſh judges), and of the evidence which may be brought in ſupport of the ſame. This meaſure, at preſent ſo unuſual, is occaſioned by certain allegations reſpecting the conduct of that judge during the adminiſtration of the functions of his high office, contained in various petitions preſented by the marquis of Abecorn during the laſt ſeſſion.—The parliameut has not yet proceeded to any other buſineſs of importance.—It is, however, firmly believed in conſequence of what has fallen from miniſters in debate, that treaties of alliance between this country and Ruſſia, and Sweden, will ſhortly be ſubmitted to parliament; and it is added, that thoſe two latter powers will receive ſubſidies to maintain a force in aid of our war with France.

The

The Batavian government affords every mark in its power of the reluctance with which it continues in any state of hostility towards this country. On the 11th of January, a cartel from the Texel arrived at Scarborough, with 112 English prisoners, who had been confined in various prisons of Holland.

Preparations for a secret expedition, of great magnitude, have been forming for a considerable time; and, what is singular enough in this country; the precise object is still a secret. The expedition is said to be particularly strong in artillery.

A system of fortification on the coasts appears at length to be adopted. Contracts are said to have been made for erecting eighty-seven martello-towers between Hythe and Beachy Head.—The whole line of the coast the enemy may be expected to attempt, will be strengthened with an extensive scale of fortification.

The Amphitrite, one of the finest frigates in the Spanish navy, is captured by the Donegal, commanded by sir Richard Strachan. A short engagement took place, in which the Spanish captain was killed by a musquet ball. The Santa Gertruyda, a Spanish frigate of 36 guns was taken off Cape St. Vincent's, by his majesty's ship Polyphemus, belonging to sir John Ord's squadron. She is esteemed one of the richest prizes ever brought into this country. She had on board 1,300,000 dollars, and a very valuable cargo of gold and silver in bars, cocoa, indigo, &c. which are said to be equivalent to half a million sterling. This prize parted from the Polyphemus in a severe gale, in about thirteen degrees of west longitude. Fortunately the Walker hired ship fell in with her, off the Lizard, at which time she had only one mast standing, and was without a rudder, the prize-master having steered her for more than two hundred leagues by the help of cables and other expedients.

Our ships of war have suffered greatly by the late heavy storms. The Texel of 74 guns, the Severn, the Nemesis, and the Blonde, have been severally stranded; but happily the crews were saved by the skill and exertion of the officers and the good conduct of the men.

The Starling gun-brig went on shore near Calais, in a thick fog; and the lieutenant who commanded her finding his efforts vain to get her off, blew her up, bringing all the crew safe away in the cutter and jolly boat.

A gallant attempt was lately made by two boats of the Rattler sloop and the Folkstone cutter, to cut out a French privateer, lying in the road of Dieppe, in which the two lieutenants, who commanded the boats were killed, and twenty-one men were killed or wounded, and ten were missing. The Folkstone is arrived with the body of her commander, lieutenant Mulcaster.

Previous to the meeting of parliament, there were various reports respecting changes in administration. Some changes have been made, and other circumstances connected with them have occurred, that are by no means trival in their character. Mr. Addington has been formally reconciled to mr. Pitt (at the express desire, it is said of his majesty)—is created a peer (by the title of viscount Sidmouth, of Sidmouth, in the country of Devon) and has resumed his seat in the privy council. The only consequent changes that are announced are, that of lord Mulgrave being appointed secretary of state for the foreign department, instead of lord Harrowby; and the marquis Cornwallis governor general of India, instead of the marquis Wellesley.

On the 19th of December the senior medical officers at Gibraltar reported, that the health of the militia and inhabitants is much improved within the last month, and that there are few cases of the epidemic fever among either. The intercourse between the town and the shipping would open on the 21st ult.

In India, the principal officers of general Wellesley's division of the army have unanimously voted the general a handsome gold vase, of the value of two thousand guineas, bearing the following inscription:

'Battle

'Battle of Aſſye, September 2, 1803.

'Preſented to major-general the hon. Arthur Welleſley, by the officers of the diviſion of the army who ſerved under his immediate command in the Dekan, in commemoration of the campaign in 1803.'

SPAIN.

A letter from Madrid, dated the 12th of December, ſtates, that the miniſters of marine are uſing unexampled activity. Several admirals, vice-admirals, chiefs of ſquadrons, and marine officers of all ranks, have been ſent upon active ſervice. Admiral Gravina is conſtantly tranſacting buſineſs at the office of the miniſter of marine. The prince of Peace, as captain-general of the forces by land and ſea, will viſit the principal ports, and review the troops deſtined for the camp of St. Roche. By order of the government, there will be drawn from the regiments of Spaniſh infantry, companies of grenadiers, to be formed into battalions of grenadiers, which will be employed on expeditions of the moſt perilous kind. Several of theſe battalions will be formed in Madrid, and, immediately after their organization, will be ſent to the camp of St. Roche. Several regiments of militia will be raiſed, and afterwards ſent to join the army of the line.

Another letter, dated the 20th of December, gives a melancholy account of the ſtate of that unfortunate country. It ſays, that the annual cenſus having lately been made of the population of Spain, it has been found, that during the laſt twelve months, it has been diminiſhed one million, which is attributed to epidemic diſorders, earthquakes, and famine. In the town of Malaga alone, twenty-ſix thouſand perſons were buried in the courſe of four weeks. At Carthagena, the returns of deaths from the malignant fever, down to the 24th ult. amounted to 14,940. The returns which had been received at Madrid, from various towns, amounted to 124,200 perſons, who have died of the epidemic malady.

FRANCE.

The ſittings of the legiſlative b were opened on the 26th ult. b ſpeech of Bonaparte, in which he enough aſſumes a ſtyle at once o thority and paternal care becomin elevated ſituation. It is a very and well judged compoſition, for a tion that is ſo much accuſtomed to at the exterior of things. He ad es the members by the title of 'pri magiſtrates, ſoldiers, citizens.'—' dier or firſt conſul (he ſays), I only one ſentiment—as emperor I tain the ſame—and that is, a wiſh the proſperity of the French pe I have been fortunate enough to tribute to this object by my victo to conſolidate it by treaties, to ſtem torrent by civil diſcord, and to p the way for the reſtoration of man ſociety, and religion. If I am not off by death in the midſt of my bours, I hope to be able to leave poſterity a recollection that will ſe ſerve as the example or reproach of ſucceſſors.'

This muſt be allowed to be fine, were true. In ſpeaking of peace, betrays his real thoughts—his conti ed determination to be maſter in E rope, notwithſtanding the veil he ſumes; as will be ſeen by a paſſage his ſpeech, explained as that is by paſſage in the ſpeech which was deli ed three days after by m. Champag (miniſter of the interior) to the le aſſembly, while he laid before them, the emperor's command, the ſituati of the empire (the *Expoſé*).—The p ſages we allude to are the follow Bonaparte ſays:—'It would have be ſweet to me, at ſo ſolemn an epoc to look to the empire of peace throu out the world; but the political pr ciples of our enemies, and their rece conduct towards Spain, ſhew ſufficie ly with how much difficulty this can b attained. I have no wiſh farther t extend the territories of France; I a only deſirous of maintaining their in grity. I have no wiſh to exercise domineering influence over Europe but I am not at all diſpoſed to give up

that which I have already acquired. No ſtates ſhall be incorporated with the empire; but I ſhall not ſacrifice my rights, or the ties which attach me to the ſtates which I have created.'—— 'When England (ſays m. Champagny) ſhall be convinced of the impotence of her efforts to agitate the continent; when ſhe ſhall know that ſhe has only to loſe in a war without end or motives; when ſhe ſhall be convinced that France will never accept other conditions than thoſe of Amiens, and will never conſent to leave her the right of breaking treaties at pleaſure, by appropriating to herſelf Malta, England will then arrive at pacific ſentiments; hatred and envy have only their time.'

The ſtatement of the ſituation of the empire is, as is uſual in Bonaparte's government, an elaborate fencing with facts. It gives a flattering view of France at home. No extraordinary burdens are neceſſary (it is ſaid) to carry on the war. It affects to believe that Pruſſia and Auſtria are well affected to France; and hopes that the emperor Alexander will return to a ſenſe of his true intereſts, a ſtrict union with France. With reſpect to unhappy Holland, it threatens her with a new government, hereditary; but to what benign genius conſided, it does not deign to diſcloſe. The Italian republic is threatened with the like fate.

In the legiſlative body, in the ſitting January 7th, meſſrs. Lacue and Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely, counſellors of ſtate, were introduced, and in the name of his imperial ma;eſty, preſented the following *projet* of a law relative to the military conſcriptions—that 'thirty thouſand conſcripts ſhall be raiſed for the conſcription of the year 14, to complete the army upon the footing of its organization; and thirty thouſand to remain in reſerve, to be ſolely deſtined to place the army upon a war eſtabliſhment, ſhould circumſtances render it neceſſary.'

The Paris papers ſtate, that 'Gaillamot, the laſt of the principal adherents of Georges, known from the commencement of the *Chouaunerie* by the name of the *king of Bignan*, has been arreſted at the village of Kerdalee, on the coaſts of Morbihan, and lodged in the priſon of Vannes. Debar, and two other of his accomplices, were taken with him.'

AMERICA.

On the 18th of laſt month, a fire broke out in New York, which did prodigious damage. Almoſt every building in Front-ſtreet was deſtroyed, together with the eaſt ſide of Water-ſtreet. The loſs is eſtimated at more than a million of dollars.

A bill is before congreſs, to prohibit the trade between the united ſtates and the iſland of St. Domingo. The motive of the bill is ſtated to be, that this trade, being in the defiance of the laws of France, ought to be effectually prohibited by the united ſtates.

The following is the ſtate of the votes for preſident and vice preſident, as far as they have been taken:

	Preſident. Jefferſon.	Vice Preſ. Clinton.	Preſident. Pinkney.	Vice Preſ. R. King.
Pennſylvania,	20	20	0	0
Virginia,	24	24	0	0
Maryland,	9	9	2	2
New Jerſey,	8	8	0	0
Maſſachuſetts,	19	19	0	0
Connecticut,	0	0	9	9
New York,	19	19	0	0
Total,	99	99	11	11

Majority for W. Jefferſon, 88 . Ditto for mr. Clinton - 88

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN, *Feb.* 2, 1805.

BY the death of the late ſir Hector Monroe, the coloneley of the gallant 42d regt. is vacant; to obtain the command of a regiment which atchieved ſo much glory at the conqueſt of Egypt, is, as might be expected, eagerly fought for, and will be conſidered as a very particular mark of his majeſty's confidence and favour upon whomſoever beſtowed.

No ſteps have been taken as to the Spaniſh plate ſhips, nor has the mode of procedure in regard to them been yet decided on: it is probable, however, that the diſpoſition of the property will be arranged in the courſe of the preſent month.

On the morning of the 27th ult. his majeſty's armed tender, Commerce, commanded by lieut. Menzies, from Portſmouth to Limerick, was loſt at Roundſtone Bay, co. Galway; two of the crew periſhed.

In conſequence of the quantity of bank tokens ſent to the country for the purpoſe of paying the army, the bank have diſcontinued the iſſue of them in Dublin; this circumſtance would be felt with much inconvenience, if dollars were not accepted at 5s. 5d. which we are happy to find, is now generally the caſe.

On Saturday laſt, there was a meeting of the company of undertakers of the grand-canal, at their houſe in Dawſon-ſtreet, for the purpoſe of receiving the report of the court of directors, on the ſubject of the colliery lately diſcovered on the company's royalties in the Queen's county.—It appears by the report, that two years ago the directors, with the approbation of the company, took from the repreſentatives of the Hartpole family a leaſe for 41 years, of their extenſive royalties, in the Queen's county, including the well known colliery of Doonane, the coal of which was always deemed of ſuperior quality; but it was ſuppoſed that this colliery had been nearly exhauſted.—The directors, with the aſſiſtance of their engineers, and ſome Engliſh miners, have for two years paſt been actively employed in exploring the country ſurrounding the above colliery, and have been ſo fortunate as to find three or four different ſeams of coal, of the ſame quality with the ancient Doonane, and one vein or bed of coal, of conſiderable extent, ſuperior in thickneſs and quality to any coal before diſcovered in that country.

The directors in their report, recommend it to the company to make an extenſion of their canal near Athy to the foot of the colliery hills, a diſtance of nine miles on one level, and from thence to perforate the hills by a navigable tunnel, or under-ground canal of about two miles in extent, which will bring them into the bowel or bottom of the ſeveral ſtrata of coal, with which the ſurrounding hills are filled, and will at the ſame time bring the canal immediately under the bed of the coal, and clear the colliery completely of water. The directors compute that this coal may be brought to Dublin in one line of the canal, and into the river Shannon in another, and ſold at thoſe places at the moderate ſum of 25s. per ton—including a toll of 10s. per ton to the company in lieu of royalty, beſides, an ample allowance for freight and commiſſion to the carriers and venders of the coal, together with a clear profit of 3s. per ton to the perſons working the colliery on their own account (the company being determined not to work the colliery themſelves, but to let it to others for a ſmall conſideration). If this durable coal be ſold in Dublin, and on the banks of the Shannon, at the low price of 25s. per ton, we venture to ſay that the directors have not overrated the probable conſumption of it at 200,000 tons per annum; and if culm, ſo much wanted for the burning of lime throughout the country can be obtained on proportionally cheap terms, there can be no doubt that double the above quantity of culm alone will be conſumed.—The proprietors of the canal had good reaſon, therefore, to be pleaſed with the proſpect before them; they accordingly approved unanimouſly of the report, together with the plans propoſed by the directors, which we ſincerely hope,

hope, for the ſake of the PUBLIC, as well as of the company, may be ſpeedily carried into execution.

The right hon. lord Avonmore, chief baron of the exchequer, we are happy to find, is ſo far recovered as to be able to reſume his judicial duties.

A letter from Belfaſt, dated February 4, ſays—'Friday laſt, the convoy for London, got under way and put to ſea—five veſſels for London, one for Briſtol, and two for Liverpool, ſailed ſame day, chiefly laden with linen cloth: the aggregate of their cargoes exceed 80,000 pieces, beſides beef, butter, whiſkey, &c. &c.—This is a pleaſing inſtance of the commercial proſperity of the northern province.'

7.] On Thurſday laſt, in conſequence of the report of an enemy's fleet having been ſeen upon the coaſt, his majeſty's ſhips the Princeſs of Orange, Princeſs Royal, Goliath, Thunderer, and Raiſonable, with the Venus frigate, under the command of rear-admiral Drury, ſailed from Bearhaven harbour. On the ſame day, eight guns, with the neceſſary ammunition, were landed from the Thunderer, for the uſe of the Martello towers on Bear-Iſland.

An idea may be formed of the *accuracy* with which ſome of the editors of the London prints inform their readers of the ſtate of this country, through the channel of 'their private letters from Dublin' by reading a paragraph in the Sun of Friday evening laſt, which ſtates—'that the whole of this iſland is at preſent covered with the deepeſt ſnow remembered by the oldeſt inhabitant for the laſt fifty years.'

The crime for which the three Penſylvanian judges are to be tried, is the ſummary impriſonment of an individual for *contempt of court!*

The American judge Prevoſt opened his court at New Orleans on the 26th ult. Among other rules of court it is ordered, that all actions ſhall be brought by *petition*; and that all pleadings ſhall be in *Engliſh* and *French!*

By a very liberal regulation now eſtabliſhed, and ſettled permanent, the library of the hon. ſociety of king's-inns, which is at preſent a very reſpectable one, is likely to become in a few years more extenſively valuable; as for a ſhort time paſt, and always in future, one ſet or copy of every publication which is entered at ſtationer's-hall, in London, muſt be depoſited and tranſmitted to Dublin, duty free, for the uſe of the library of the hon. ſociety of king's inns; a large quantity of new publications of which deſcription has lately been received there.

8.] Since the order for iſſuing of letters of marque againſt Spain, there has been granted upwards of 260 commiſſions, none of which have been to veſſels below 200 tons burthen.

Such is the ſpirit of enterprize for fitting out privateers, that waggons are employed at 40l. a journey to carry guns overland to Portſmouth, for privateers at that port.

It is with great pleaſure we notice the free circulation of dollars again at 5s. 5d. each, notwithſtanding the endeavours of ſome unprincipled and avaricious individuals who wiſhed to depreciate their value to further their own ſelfiſh view, and which we muſt in a great meaſure attribute to the laudable and ſpirited conduct of mr. Richard Fitzgerald, of Townſend-ſtreet, who lately detected a huxter, named Callaghan, reſiding in ſaid ſtreet, who, taking advantage of the neceſſities of the poorer claſs in the neighbourhood, would only receive dollars at the rate of 4s. 10d½. each, but would not iſſue them for leſs than 5s. 5d. each, and mr. Fitzgerald having immediately ſummoned him before the lord mayor, his lordſhip with that promptneſs, and zeal for the public good, which he has evinced ſince his election into office, immediately fined the huxter 5l.—one half of which was immediately paid by mr. Fitzgerald to the church wardens of St. Mark's pariſh, and the other half to a maſonic charitable inſtitution.—This, we hope, will be a uſeful leſſon to huxters and other blood-ſuckers of the poor, and truſt it will call forth the exertions of every ſpirited individual to oppoſe the monſter monopoly in every ſhape.

An action was lately brought in the

court

court of king's-bench, by a quondam ſervant to mr. Latouche, of Harriſtown, againſt that gentleman, for defamation.—After a long hearing, the jury gave a verdict for the defendant, with coſts.

9.] Laſt Monday, his majeſty's ſhip Goliath, 74 guns, anchored in Bantry-bay, withſin a mile of the town of Bantry. The remainder of the ſquadron, under rear-admiral Drury, have returned to Bearhaven.

The arrangements for increaſing the pay of ſurgeons of the navy, have been confirmed by the privy council, and will immediately be put in force by the admiralty. The following may be depended upon as the rates of augmentation:—

Phyſicians of naval hoſpitals, after ten years ſervice, 2l. 2s. per diem—do. after three do. 1l. 11s. 6d.—do. under do. 1l. 1s.—Surgeons of do. after ten do. 1l.—do. do. under do. 15s.—Diſpenſers of do. 10s.—Surgeons of his majeſty's ſhips, on the 1ſt appointment after two years ſervice, 5s. per day, half pay 10s.—do. half pay, 6s. after 6 years ſervice (3 as mate) 11s.—do. do. after 10 do. (do.) 14s. do. after 20 do. (do.) 18s.

Surgeon's mates 6s. a day, after two years ſervice, 3s. half pay. Surgeons of hoſpitals, dock-yards, marine infirmaries, and ſhips after twenty years ſervice, have the option of retiring from the ſervice on 6s. a day, and after thirty years ſervice on 15s. a day.

Lieut. Reed, of the navy, who was condemned to be hanged, for embezzling a quantity of his majeſty's ſtores, and pardoned on condition of being tranſported, made his eſcape from the convict ſhip in Portſmouth harbour.

14.] Tueſday, being the laſt day of term, and the ordinary buſineſs of the term being ſo much encroached upon by the arguments upon the important queſtion of the hon. juſtice Johnſtone's arreſt, the court of king's bench did not riſe until near nine o'clock on Tueſday night.

American officers and ſoldiers, who were wounded in the revolutionary war, are about to receive penſions from that government. General Hazen, and a few other deſerters from the Britiſh ſtandard, are, for their exertions, to receive the amount of a ſum equal to half pay, which they forfeited by their deſertion.

The ruins of a town of very conſiderable extent, have recently been diſcovered in the mountain of Grediſtye, in Tranſylvania.

New Mode of Dunning.—The printer of *The Bee*, publiſhed at Hudſon, in America, addreſſes his ſubſcribers in the following ludicrous ſtyle:—"*Tell all cuſtomers in arrears*—We have heard no proclamation for any act of *jubilee*, in which no debts are to be paid. And though the ſilence of our debtors might lead us to ſuppoſe ſuch an event had taken place, our creditors are continually reminding us of the contrary. Beſides, friends, they make us pay for bread and butter more than ever.—Flour that was 28s. is now 56s. a hundred, and butter is raiſed from 1s. to 1s. 4d. per lb.—Still the 12 ſhillings for our paper is only an 150 cents, yet, and that won't buy a decent load of wood—And we tell our landlord too, that you don't pay us, but he charges as much rent as though you were never ſo punctual.—As for the paper-maker, he ſwears that he would not give a ſhilling for an hundred dollars not paid, or 150 that we can't get.—And our good friends at the bank are ſuch admirers of punctuality, that 50 *next weeks* won't pay the diſcount of 40 dollars. —*I'll call again*, don't paſs with theſe gentlemen.—The countrymen, won't take *Wait a few days. I have no change* for a buſhel of potatoes, a ſingle chicken, or a ſtick of hickory—and the hills are white around us, while we ſhiver to think of it—Yet the money comes ſlower than ever, and a dollar is as great a rarity to a printer's eye, as a rainleſs review at Clavarack. It would ſeem as if we lived in a *land of promiſe*—but promiſes without performance are like clouds without rain, under which the land periſheth, or flowers without honey, upon which the Bee muſt ſtarve and die; which Heaven forbid and you prevent, before *John Doe* and *Richard Roe* go collecting for THE PRINTER."

18.] Laſt

18.] List of the minority who voted against the bill for the suspension of the habeas corpus act in Ireland, in the house of lords, this present session.

Duke of	Clarence	Earl	Cholmondeley
	Norfolk		Guildford
	Devonshire		Cowper
	Grafton		Fortescue
	Bedford		Darnley
	St. Albans		Stair
Marquis of	Buckingham		Cassilis
	Landsdowne		Besborough
	Bute	Lord	De Clifford
Earl of	Derby		Sey and Sale
	Carlisle		King
	Suffolk		Montfort
	Fitzwilliam		Stawell
	Berkeley		Grantley
	Thanet		Grenville
	Leicester		Dundas
	Albemarle		Carysfort
	Spencer		Hutchinson

MINORITY IN THE COMMONS.

Adair, Robert	Holland, H. jun.
Bagenal, Walter	Hughes, W L.
Calcraft, John (Teller)	Johnstone, G.
Cavendish, lord G.	Kinnaird, hon. C.
Cavendish, W.	Latouche, ——
Chapman, C.	Latouche, J. jun.
Creevey, Tho.	Martin, Richard
Dawson, Rich.	North, Dudley
Douglas, Marquis	Petty, lord H.
Ebrington, lord	Newport, sir J.
Elliott, William	Sheridan, R. B.
Fellowes, Robert	Temple, lord
Fitzpatrick, R. hon. R.	Walpole, hon. G.
Folkestone, Viscount	Western, Ch. C.
Fox, hon. Ch. Jas.	Windham, W.
Geary, sir Wm.	Wynn, C. W. W.
Grey, hon. C.	Wynn, sir W. W.
Hamilton, lord Arch.	

The following was read at each mass yesterday, the 17th instant, by order of dr. Troy, in all the Roman catholic chapels in the archdiocess of Dublin:

'The holy sacrifice of the mass will be offered in each parish of this archdiocess, on Wednesday next, 20th inst. to recommend our most gracious sovereign and his dominions to the protection of Heaven: beseech the Supreme Ruler, the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, at whose disposal are the power of all men and the rights of all kingdoms, to direct his majesty's councils, to prosper his arms, and render him the happy instrument of terminating the present war, by a speedy, honourable, and permanent general peace. Let your fasting and supplications on the occasion, be directed to the Father of Mercies for these purposes; and that every attempt of the enemy to invade any of these kingdoms may be defeated by the power of his right hand. It is only by a loyal conduct and respect for constituted authority that you can expect the enjoyment of internal tranquillity; nor can you reasonably hope to obtain this or other blessings, if you do not fear God, honour the king, love your neighbour of every country, of every religion, the very enemies of religion, and be not submissive and obedient to the powers appointed by Divine Providence to rule over us. May the Almighty, in his tender mercy towards his creatures, enable us by his grace to comply with these several indispensable duties, so forcibly and constantly inculcated by the holy, catholic, apostolical Roman church, of which we profess ourselves members! Amen.

19.] Yesterday the grand canal company met at their house in Dawson-street, and elected the following court of directors, for the present year, viz.

W. H. Archer, esq.	H. Hartley, esq.
Benj. Ball, esq.	J. Huband, esq.
John Cash, esq.	A. C. Macartney, esq.
Ld. vise. Charleville	R. M'Donnell, esq.
D. Courtney, esq.	Hon. J. Pomeroy.
Ambrose Cox, esq.	John Quin, esq.
Rev. dean Digby.	J. B. Scriven, esq.
R. Griffith, esq.	

The price of dollars has advanced a halfpenny per ounce, partly in consequence of the unfortunate loss of the Abergavenny, but more especially because the bank has the entire command of the market, and establishes such prices as suits its interest.

On Saturday last the right hon. the lord mayor went in the usual state to the sessions-house, Green-street, where, being met by the judges, the right hon. lord Norbury, and the hon. judge Day, proceeded to open the commission of oyer and terminer and general gaol delivery, for the city and county of Dublin,

Dublin, when was ſworn in the following

CITY GRAND JURY.

John Caſh, eſq. foreman.

Francis Hamilton,	Arthur Mitchell,
William M'Cready,	Hezekiah Maley,
George Carleton,	Andrew Lee,
Richard Spear,	Tho. Hautenville,
James Blacker,	John Evans,
Edward Stanley,	Robert S. Grant,
William Crombie,	John Bagwell,
James Forbes,	John Dooley,
James Vance,	William Davis,
Wm. M'Auley,	Geo. Connor,
Edmund Nugent,	Tho. Hatton, eſqrs.

COUNTY GRAND JURY.

Thos. Kennan, eſq. foreman.

Edward Clarke,	William Poole,
Richard Evans,	Joſ. Maſon,
Samuel Read,	Arthur Orde,
Philip Abbott,	George Ball,
Robert Ruſſell,	Arthur Keene,
Robert Belwood,	Bennet Dugdale,
Paul Savage,	David Sherlock,
Wm. Pemberton,	James Kenny,
Joſhua Dixon,	Robert Lyons,
Charles Mulvanny,	Jonathan Rogers,
George Cuppaige,	John Hone, eſqrs.

There was a conſiderable delay in forming the county grand jury, which was not empannelled until after they had ſeverally been called upon fines.

Lord Norbury, who evidently laboured under a ſevere cold, addreſſed the reſpective grand juries: his lordſhip made a few forcible and impreſſive obſervations to them—lamented that the exiſting circumſtances of the times demanded the operation of the habeas corpus ſuſpenſion act in this part of the united kingdom—hoped, while the loyal men of Ireland had a drop of blood or life, it would be ſhed or laid down in defence of the glorious conſtitution we now enjoy—called their attention to the filthy ſtate of our ſtreets—made ſome obſervations on the ſtill prevalent practice of forgery—reprobated the number of unlicenſed tippling-houſes in the metropolis and vicinity, which were fraught with ſo much miſchief to the community.—His lordſhip highly complimented the preſent lord mayor for his vigilance and attention—and alluded in handſome terms, to the reſpectability of the new high ſheriff for the county of Dublin.

20.] Friday laſt, the loan for the current year, was communicated by mr. Pitt.——The loan for England is 20,000,000l. including 5,000,000l. for contingent ſervices.——For Ireland 3,500,000l. of which 2,500,000l. to be raiſed in England, and 1,000,000l. in Ireland.

The commiſſion court yeſterday was occupied with the trial of mr. Hudſon, charged with the murder of one John Conway, in the month of Aug. 1802. A ſhort time was taken up in the examination of witneſſes, when the jury without leaving the box, returned an immediate verdict of NOT GUILTY.—Baron George afterwards addreſſed mr. Hudſon, and ſaid it was but juſtice that it ſhould be known to the world that —HE WAS MOST HONOURABLY ACQUITTED.

21.] Yeſterday being the day appointed by proclamation for a general faſt and humiliation in this part of the united kingdom, to offer up our prayers, and implore the Almighty ruler of all things to bleſs our moſt gracious majeſty's arms by ſea and land, the ſame was obſerved in this city with the utmoſt ſolemnity, the ſeveral ſhops were all ſhut until after divine ſervice and many throughout the whole of the day. Divine ſervice, with an additional form of prayer, compoſed for the occaſion, was performed in all the churches and chapels of the metropolis and its vicinity, as well as throughout Ireland.

About twelve o'clock yeſterday, his excellency the lord lieutenant, attended by his ſuite, the houſehold, the lord chancellor, the judges, and all the great officers of ſtate, the lord mayor, aldermen, ſheriffs and commons, &c. proceeded to the cathedral of Chriſt's church, where they were received by the dean (biſhop of Kildare) and chapter, his grace the archbiſhop of Dublin, and ſeveral other biſhops: a ſuitable occaſional ſermon, replete with eloquence and dignified language, was preached by the lord biſhop of Waterford, in that pre-eminent manner by which his lordſhip has long been diſtinguiſhed;

and

and a very fine occaſional anthem was performed by the gentlemen of the choir.

22.] Yeſterday being the day appointed for the celebration of her majeſty's birth day at Dublin caſtle, the ſame was obſerved with the uſual demonſtrations of joy—the morning being uſhered in with the ringing of bells, the union flag mounted on Bedford-tower, a grand ſalute fired by the great guns in the Phœnix-park, and a volley of ſmall arms by the military drawn up in the royal barracks—At 3 o'clock there was a levee at the caſtle, at which was performed an ode, and was numerouſly attended—In the evening their excellencies the lord lieutenant and the conntes of Hardwicke gave a ball and a ſupper, at which the principal nobility and gentry in town attended; the tables as uſual abounded with every thing the ſeaſon afforded—and the company, which was numerous, did not ſeparate until a late hour this morning.

A trial has been depending between mr. Dunn and the commercial inſurance company, in the court of king's bench, for four days ſucceſſively, which was of very conſiderable importance.—It was an action to recover 1000l. inſured on the life of a perſon; and the points at iſſue were, whether the warranty of health was true, and whether there was any concealment which vitiated the policy. We can now only obſerve, that after occupying the time of the court, and a ſpecial jury, the whole of Friday, Saturday, Monday, and until 2 o'clock on Tueſday, the jury then withdrew, and at between ſix and ſeven o'clock in the evening, returned a verdict for the plaintiff.

This caſe appeared to intereſt every one very much, and muſt be particularly intereſting to ſuch perſons as inſure their own lives, or that of others, on which they have property depending. The law of the caſe we underſtand, is, that under the warranty of health, uſual in policies, it is underſtood that the perſon was in a reaſonable good ſtate of health, and ſuch a life as ought to be inſured on common terms, and that there ſhall be no concealment of any circumſtance reſpecting the health of the perſon whoſe life is inſured.

BIRTHS.

In Merion-ſquare, the lady of Robert Shaw, eſq. M. P. of a ſon.—At Stephen's green, the wife of Chriſtmas Weekes, eſq. of a daughter.—On Summer-hill, the lady of J. M. Barton, eſq. of a ſon and heir.

MARRIAGES.

MR. Thomas Flanagan, printer, of Capel-ſtreet, to mrs. Powell, of Bride-ſtreet.—Mr. Wm. Coogan, of Leixlip, to miſs Ann Reilly, of Johnſton's-court.—In Tralee, the reverend James Mahon, to miſs Gunn, daughter of W. T. Gunn. eſq.—In Bruff, Samuel Adams, eſq. to miſs M. Franklin, only daughter to the late Richard Franklin, of Ballyvalone, eſq.—At Dingle, county Kerry, Peter Bodkin Huſſey, eſq. barriſter at law, to miſs Hickſon, daughter of Robert Hickſon, eſq.—At Waterford, mr. Abraham Denny, to miſs Dowſley, daughter of mr. Thomas Dowſley.—At Baldoyle, Maurice Fitzgibbon, of Caſtle Grace, co. Tipperary, eſq. to miſs O'Dell, daughter of Thomas O'Dell, eſq. of Limerick.—At Cork, captain Church, of Londonderry, to miſs Shinkwin, Mallow-lane.—By the honorable the provoſt of Trinity College, John Kearney, eſq. of the county Kilkenny, to miſs Waller Keatinge, only daughter of the late dean of Clogher.—Mr. John Hawkes, of Cork, to miſs Lucinda Hourigan, ſecond daughter of David Hourigan, eſq. attorney.—At Rathfarnham, R. Checkley, of Mayfield, in the co. Cork, eſq. barriſter, to miſs Gowan, daughter of John Hunter Gowan, of Mount Nebo, co. Wexford.—At the earl of Warwick's, in Hill-ſtreet, Berkeley-ſquare, the right honourable earl of Clonmell, to the right honourable lady Harriet Greville, ſecond daughter of the earl of Warwick. The ceremony was performed by the reverend dr. Dealtry, domeſtic chaplain to the earl of Clonmell.

DEATHS.

SUDDENLY, ſir Richard Pearſon, knt. lieutenant-governor of Greenwich hoſpital, who diſtinguiſhed himſelf during

ing the American war in a gallant action of ſeven hours in his majeſty's ſhip Serapis, againſt Paul Jones, in the Bon Homme Richard, ſuperior in men and guns.—At Cork, miſs Aldworth, ſiſter to Richard Aldworth, of Newmarket, eſq.—At Synnot-place, George Hume, eſq. eldeſt ſon of George Latouche Hume, eſq.——In Middle Gardiner-ſtreet, of a tedious and painful illneſs, mrs. Toole, wife of dr. Toole.—Near Armagh, in conſequence of a fall from his horſe, Thomas Spencer, eſq.—At Mullingar, mr. Michael Murphy, ſhop-keeper—Alſo, mr. Patrick O'Brien, architect.—In Cork, J. Callwey, eſq. late of Nantz.—At his ſiſter's houſe, at Temple-ſhannon, in the county of Wexford, and in the 18th year of his age, Thomas Radcliff, eſq. eldeſt ſon of the rev. Richard Radcliff, rector of Enniſcorthy, in the dioceſe of Ferns, and of Portaferry, in the dioceſe of Down.—In the catholic widow-houſe, Exchequer-ſtreet, Roſe Sharkey, aged 106 years, who retained her faculties unimpaired until the day before her diſſolution.—Valentine Joyce, of Belfaſt, merchant.—James Beets, eſq. of Edenderry.—At Portglenone, mrs. Downing, relict of mr. John Downing, of Drenhan.—At Letterkenny, the rev. Joſeph Lyte.—Francis Bodkin, of Killirogue, eſq.—In Armagh barracks, after a painful and lingering illneſs, which ſhe bore with truly chriſtian fortitude, mrs. Duff, wife of adjutant Duff, of the county of Dublin militia.—In Digge's-lane, mrs. Anne Fiſher.——In Brunſwick-ſtreet, generally lamented, mr. H. Marman, brazier.—At Carrickfergus, mr. Whitney Bowman, in the 71ſt year of his age.—At Glenarm, mr. John Clarke.—James Arthur Butler, eſq. of Clonmell.—In Stephen's-green, miſs Sophia Wills.—In James's-ſtreet, mrs. Moore.——In Stephen's-ſtreet, mrs. E. Ruſſel, relict of mr. George Ruſſel, merchant, formerly of Edinburgh.—In Great Britain-ſtreet, mr. Willliam Hawthorn.—On the 28th of October laſt, at Baterre, in the iſland of St. Kitts, on his way to Europe, for the recovery of his health, in the 26th year of his age, moſt ſincerely regretted by his brother-officers and all who knew him, lieutenant John Lynch, of the 11th regt. of foot, and aſſiſtant quarter and barrack-maſter-general in Dominique; in him a mother has to deplore the loſs of a good and dutiful ſon, his ſiſters an affectionate brother, and his acquaintance a ſincere friend.——In North King-ſtreet, mr. Smith.——At Stratford upon-Avon, England, mrs. Hamilton, wife of Hans Hamilton, of Sheephill, eſq.—In Duke-ſtreet, mr. Henry Burnell, formerly of Ranahan, in the county of Clare.—On the 16th of Feb. at Mount Pleaſant, near Ranelagh, Joſeph Walker, eſq. formerly an eminent printer in this city, and many years proprietor of the Hibernian Magazine. Few men, perhaps, have departed this tranſitory life, more regretted by a numerous and reſpectable connexion; in him, to a ſtrong and diſcriminating judgment, was combined all the ſofter affections of the heart; affable and pleaſing in manners, he conciliated the friendſhip and good opinion of all with whom he had a communication; throughout the courſe of his life he faithfully obſerved the goſpel precept of loving God, and doing unto his neighbour as he would be done by: He had that felicity, which is the lot of few to poſſeſs, the good word of every man, the ill of none; in fine, he was in every ſenſe "an honeſt man."—At Londonderry, mr. John Callwell, ſincerely regretted by all who knew him.—Suddenly, mr. Edwin, of the theatre royal.——Mr. John Caſſidy, of the bank of Ireland, engraver.—In Moneybeg, county Carlow, mr. Edward Payne.—Mr. John Ingram, of Mount Norris, county of Armagh.—H. Stewart, eſq. one of the ſheriffs peers of Drogheda.—At Dundalk, mr. Patrick Coleman, jun.—In Hallton-ſtreet, mr. Stone.—In Great Britain-ſtreet, dr. M'Mullen.——Miſs Foſkey, of Durrow, Queen's county, ſincerely regretted.

Ere ſin could blight, or ſorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care,
The op'ning bud to heav'n convey'd;
And bid it bloſſom there.

Mr. Talbot in the Character of Young Mirabel